

# ARTS

DIGEST

29th Year

December 1, 1954

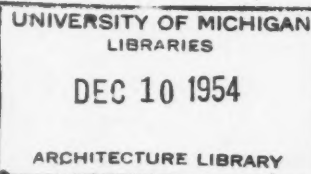
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**Videlicet** *by E. E. Cummings*

**E. E. Cummings : Painter and Poet** *by William Carlos Williams*

**Modernity from Tombs and Temples** *by Leo Steinberg*

**Exchange of Letters on the Whitney Museum** *by Lloyd Goodrich & the Editors*



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# ARTS

DIGEST

December 1, 1954, Vol. 29, No. 5

Twenty issues a year

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4 Spectrum

5 An Exchange of Letters  
*by Lloyd Goodrich and the Editors*

6 Videlicet *by E. E. Cummings*

7 E. E. Cummings' Poems and Paintings  
*by William Carlos Williams*

9 Music *by Alfred Frankenstein*

10 Paintings for Princes and Farmers  
*by Bernice Davidson*

12 Bankers' Showcase *by Ada Louise Huxtable*

14 Matisse: An Informal Note *by Joseph Kissel Foster*

16 Paris *by Michel Seuphor*  
London *by William Gaunt*

17 Boston *by James Mellow*

18 Baltimore *by Judith Kaye Reed*

20 Books *by Leo Steinberg and Leo Katz*

22 Fortnight in Review

34 Auctions and Where to Show

35 Calendar of Exhibitions

FORTHCOMING ISSUES: "The Three Voices of Abstraction," an essay on Kandinsky, Picasso and others, by Allyn Wood . . . "The Strange Case of Diego Rivera," a reliable report on the political machinations of the Mexican muralist, by Bertram D. Wolfe . . . "The Most Disputed Pictures in the World," an account of the strange history of the Hugh Lane bequest, by Julie Weill . . . "There is no 'Modern Music'," a radical evaluation of modernism, by Denis de Rougemont . . . A comparative review of Steinberg and Daumier by Sonya Rudikoff . . . a profile of Hans Hartung by Michel Seuphor.

CONTRIBUTORS: E. E. Cummings, the well-known poet, has recently brought out his "Poems: 1923-1954" (Harcourt, Brace) . . .

William Carlos Williams, poet, critic, novelist, translator and physician, has just had a volume of "Selected Essays" published by Random House . . . Leo Steinberg is on the faculty of the Parsons School of Design and contributes art criticism to Partisan Review, Commentary and other magazines . . . Joseph K. Foster is an American businessman who has come to know many of the European masters through his frequent trips abroad . . . Judith Kaye Reed, formerly book review editor of ARTS DIGEST, will report regularly on events in the Baltimore-Washington area.

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## Spectrum by Jonathan Marshall

### Henri Matisse

Henri Matisse died November 4 in his apartment at Nice. It is hard to comprehend the fact that his life has come to an end, for even at the age of 84 he was still producing and active. Matisse seemed almost eternal.

Recognized internationally as one of the greatest artists of modern time, Henry Matisse had a profound influence on the whole world as well as on his colleagues. A man's work must wait the passage of years before it can be finally evaluated, but Matisse's work appears destined for permanent acceptance among the greats. Few contemporaries will survive the test of time, but we are certain that Matisse will be one.

Although a rebel and a leader, Matisse had a universal quality which made him acceptable to all. To him art was not restricted to canvas but included graphic art, textiles, sculpture and any area where he could create. For some 50 years he created and stimulated; Matisse's was a full and fruitful life, and his talent fulfilled the early promise as described by Edward Steichen in a letter to Alfred Steiglitz in 1908 shortly after the latter had opened his famous gallery "291 Fifth Avenue." Steichen wrote:

"I have another cracker-jack exhibition for you that is going to be as fine in its way as the Rodins are . . . Drawings by Henri Matisse the most modern of the moderns . . . they are to the figure what the Cézannes are to the landscape. Simply great."

### Art Attendance

Some years ago Forbes Watson estimated that American museum attendance for one year was 50,000,000. We would guess that it has increased substantially since then and is now closer to 60,000,000.

In its annual report the Metropolitan Museum of Art shows a six-month attendance of 1,421,917. Its membership totals 11,962. Both of these figures are new records. The Museum of Modern Art also continues to have a rapid attendance increase, and now has more than 500,000 visitors a year. Even more startling is its membership of some 17,000. This popularity has been attained in only 25 years, an outstanding record—during its first year only 186,000 people attended.

Every week we hear of similar interest in museums throughout the country. Some areas such as the Southwest show tremendous attendance growth, and we would guess that the Pacific Coast is as active artwise as any area. Despite the large attendance at New



Henri Matisse, 1930

York museums and galleries, it is apparent that art is no longer the exclusive property of New York. The nation has matured culturally, and every section can be proud of its progress.

### A Business Concern

A recent survey of the 105 members of the New York Chapter of the Young Presidents Organization showed an encouraging interest in art. These businessmen, all of whom became corporation presidents by the age of 39, agreed that knowledge of art is becoming increasingly important in the business world.

The survey showed that 75% of the members have original works of art in their offices while 50% have reproductions of masterpieces. The figure is even higher in the executive's homes where 90% claim they have original works of art.

Most of the young executives also said that they are involved in decorating their offices, designing products and advertising layout. The survey showed, however, that only one-third attend art exhibits, but 15% are amateur painters. The important fact, nevertheless, is their awareness of the importance of art in everyday life and business. It is an encouraging fact.

### Art, Love and Religion

We pass on the following statement by Albert Guerard in his book "Bottle in the Sea" published by the Harvard University Press. We feel that it makes a lot of sense.

"The true work of art is not the artifact, the material instrument: it is the sense of communion, the conscious sharing of emotion. This, of course, defines love and religion as accurately as it does art. The kinship between the three is a basic fact."



# An Exchange of Letters on the Whitney Museum

## A Reply to an Open Letter

To the Editors:

The "Open Letter to the Whitney Museum" in the November 15th issue of the ARTS DIGEST, after some animadversions about the museum's policies and tastes, proposes that the museum should turn over its galleries annually to exhibitions organized by the artists who staged the "Ninth Street Show" in 1952 and the two similar exhibitions at the Stable Gallery in 1953 and 1954. This, the letter indicates, is the museum's opportunity to redeem its alleged failure in other respects. Since no approach had been made to the museum by the Stable group previous to this letter, which was broadcast simultaneously to the press and the art world, the letter can be regarded as propaganda rather than a bona fide proposal. There is no point in a detailed reply to its attacks on the museum, since they are so obviously biased. To take only one example, the statement that the museum's taste "has hardly changed for 20 years" shows either ignorance or deliberate misrepresentation of facts.

However, let us discuss the letter as if it were a genuine proposal and not a journalistic stunt. The letter reveals an attitude toward contemporary art which differs fundamentally from that of the Whitney Museum. The museum believes that present-day American art is extremely diverse, with many differing but valid viewpoints, and that all virtue does not reside in any one of them. While representing fully the dominating tendencies of our times, we have never confined ourselves to them, but have also recognized less fashionable schools and individual artists who do not fit into any school. For this we have been criticized by advanced circles on the one hand and by conservatives on the other, but this partisan criticism has never seemed sufficient reason to change our basic beliefs.

From the first the museum has welcomed new talents and tendencies. Our staff keeps in constant touch with contemporary exhibitions and is always on the lookout for new talent. Periodical viewings are held to which artists, particularly those who do not have New York dealers, can send their works for all of us to see. In every annual exhibition a considerable proportion of the artists have not been previously shown by us. We believe that our system of selec-

tion, compared with the usual system by which a certain proportion of works are invited and the rest are submitted to artists' juries, results in more rather than less responsiveness to the new.

In our new building, with more space and a longer exhibition season, we plan to hold, in addition to the annuals, periodical exhibitions of younger artists, each represented by several examples—a fuller presentation of new talent than inclusion in the annuals. We also plan a series of exhibitions devoted to leading tendencies of today. And we will continue to present contemporary art in other types of exhibitions, such as surveys of particular subjects, periods and regions, and one-, two-, three- or four-man retrospectives.

We realize that we or any other museum cannot offer all artists a complete answer to their exhibiting problems. A museum is not an artists' exhibiting society; it is an institution devoted not only to showing but to collecting, studying and publicizing what it judges to be the best in artistic creation. The search for standards of quality is an essential function of any museum, indeed one of its chief reasons for existence. And no museum has unlimited space and funds. Even by constantly showing new artists, as the Whitney does, we cannot hope to exhibit every year all the talented artists of the country. For this, artists must look not only to museums but to dealers and artists' societies. We believe that the Whitney Museum, in using its space and resources for showing and publicizing selected contemporary art, best fulfills its obligations to both artist and public.

We hope that the Stable Gallery group will continue its annual exhibitions, as they have been alive and stimulating, if uneven. (Many of the artists, we might point out, have been included in the Whitney shows.) But instead of turning our galleries over every year to any one school, whether advanced, middle-of-the-road, or conservative, we shall continue to represent what we believe to be the most vital and creative aspects of all schools.

Lloyd Goodrich  
Associate Director  
Whitney Museum of American Art

## "We Look to the Artist to Lead the Way . . ." Gertrude Whitney, 1931

Dear Mr. Goodrich:

We are happy to publish here your reply to our Open Letter in the hope that this correspondence might retrieve some of the forthrightness which has lately passed out of most discussions of the living artist in relation to the museum—and this, alas, is the fundamental issue at stake here. Somehow your reply fails to grasp the major issue: it is not that one "school" of artists be allowed to dominate the activities of the Whitney Museum but that artists themselves be allowed some voice in the conduct of the museum's exhibitions, or rather, that they be allowed at least an occasional opportunity to make their presence felt.

The special events which occasioned our Open Letter were clear enough—(1) the news that the artists' "Stable Annual" would not be held this season and (2) the sense of frustration provoked by the opening exhibition of the Whit-

ney's new building, an exhibition of works from your permanent collection that left the matter of your taste (recent Whitney Annuals notwithstanding) a more vulnerable issue than your letter is willing to admit. The confluence of these events brought into sharp relief the need to speak up for the living artist confronted by the policies of our major institutions.

We recognize and applaud the service to American Art which the Whitney has rendered in the past two decades, and we are fully appreciative of the role you have personally played in that service. But the words of Mrs. Whitney still haunt us—*"We look to the artist to lead the way . . ."*—and we can scarcely be blamed if the incongruity between that admirable sentiment and your reply leaves us still with certain misgivings. Notably, there seems to be no place in the

*continued on page 19*



E. E. Cummings: *Sea*, 1944. Collection Mrs. J. S. Watson, Jr.

## Videlicet by E. E. Cummings

For more than half a hundred years, the oversigned's twin obsessions have been painting and writing.

Several decades ago (when Academic Unart was exactly as representational as it now isn't) an eminent art critic described my most recent picture as "hardly the sort of thing you would care to live with."

Earlier still, if memory serves, the notable promoter of a book called *The Enormous Room* had remaindered its first edition at thirty cents a copy; and I'd scarcely prevented the author's enthusiastic father from purchasing more than sixty copies.

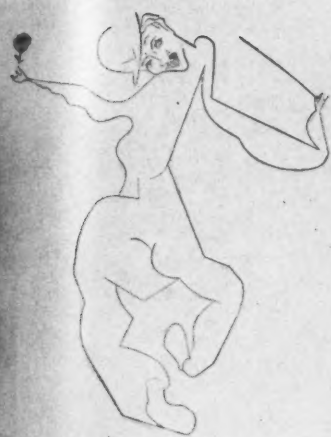
Long before an epoch of disillusionment became an era of dehumanization—and about the time a play called *Him*, by my "lower-case" self, was dramacritically deplored as "exactly like stepping on something extremely nasty in the dark"—our prenonobjectivist realized that denying Nature's imagination meant renouncing my own; and joyfully hurdled Jehovah's anaesthetic commandment "*Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in the heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth.*" (Exodus XX 4).

Some years later Eimi—the diary of a pilgrimage to Marxist Russia—was dutifully damned by America's fellow-travelling literary gangsters. Still later, learning that four-

teen publishers had refused a collection of poems aptly entitled *No Thanks*, my serenely confident mother requested the privilege of ensuring its unwelcome appearance.

Came the forties; and culture (lucely translated *You Never Had It So Good*) leaped like a weed. Education of the not educable speedily outranked all other national rackets: college degrees, crowning any activity from stagelighting to piecrustrolling, were sold as freely as pardons during the middle ages. Television antennae blossomed from the poorest housetops; and moviestars, no longer content with a Cézanne in the toilet, hastily acquired livingroomsized Picassos. Nobody and nothing escaped *The New Look*: children of parents who'd honestly hated my writing were taught how to pity my painting instead. For a voice like unto the cooing of A-bombs had spoken, saying "EVERYBODY SHALL BE EVERYBODYELSE!" and (after a period of anxiety, during which *The Nonforgotten Man* pretty nearly suspected that he'd been properly frigged) it was revealed—amid everybody's surprise and delight—that everybody-else was an artist.

Let me only add that one human being considers himself immeasurably lucky to enjoy, both as a painter and as a writer, the affectionate respect of a few human beings.



CHARLIE CHAPLIN. By E. E. Cummings

E. E. Cummings: *Charlie Chaplin*, 1924  
Photo by Marion Morehouse



E. E. Cummings: *Sunset*, 1950. Collection Mrs. J. S. Watson, Jr.

## E. E. Cummings' Paintings and Poems

by William Carlos Williams

The paintings of E. E. Cummings coming from a man better known as a poet you would expect to be *genre*, topical, more than otherwise, to be characterized as "literary" as were those of the Pre-Raphaelites for instance. That they are not is the difference between the 19th and 20th centuries; we know today that painting is related to paint rather than words and Cummings has emphasized that distinction among us as much as anyone. But unfortunately you have a feeling that all the paintings of this artist could as well have been expressed in a poem, that is why he has remained an amateur—thank God.

I recall a box of strawberries which if they were not addressed completely to the taste were not expressed at all, a Greekish simplicity, you could almost eat them. You do not feel or should not, like eating a painting but looking at it, devouring it with the *eyes*. I think it is what the paintings literally *say* that is important to Mr. Cummings. That can be of no importance to a painter, only the design—and the color, the same thing, the inarticulate design. And Mr. Cummings is of all things articulate.

It is his virtue, to the very placing of a semicolon or the dotting of an *i*; let us make the most of it. It marks him as New England bred and a product of its schoolmasterly tradition.

The paintings offer a great variety of subjects but always (not always) on the intimate side, sensitively interpreted, what you would expect of a poet of his verbal dexterity.

Years ago I witnessed an exhibition of Cummings' paintings, it was in a New York gallery. I haven't seen one since. How can I speak of them except from memory? The reproductions which I hold in my hand are misleading. The color is absent. Only the box of strawberries of which I have already spoken (owned now, I am told, by the poet Marianne Moore) holds a still recognizable form. It is a box of strawberries, pure and simple, painted with realistic but poetic insight, the very scent and taste of the berries, even the feel of them in the mouth when crushed by the tongue against the inside of the cheek is there.

A picture of a nude on a bed is no different: she is young. You want to go to bed with her. Even Rubens' women do not give you that feeling. It is not a painting of a nude by Mary Cassat.

Cummings himself, during his brief abstract period when the line drawing of Charlie Chaplin was made, was caught by the importance of design. But others had gone farther with the mode. He returning on himself from that venture found himself faced by pure paint again and wasn't sufficiently interested in drawing to push the matter further.

He had, or has still, perhaps, the making of a great watercolorist. When he faced his one great opportunity of the *sea*, he produced, though that is an oil, a small picture said by a competent critic to be "The finest sea picture of our time." With that optimistic dictum I am in sympathy but have not sufficient experience to completely agree. It is Cummings at his best as a painter and he knew it; he could not go beyond that excellence without giving it more time which he seems disinclined to do, he has other fish to fry.

The paintings of his later years, those of 1950 and after, show by far a greater mastery of the medium whatever it may be. The earlier *paysages*, the still-life of flowers, even the nude of 1934 are capably done but not remarkable save as the record of a mood. The later pieces *however* show more confidence, a bolder brush stroke as the artist gains control of them, a freedom which really seems Cummings and what he wants to say. One realizes more and more the relationship between the painting and his poems how one complements the other.

When it comes to the poems (to say nothing of the prose, which is not considered here) Cummings presents us with a far different front from that of which until now I have been speaking. This is the work of a major artist.

The collected poems ("Poems 1923-1954") which I hold in my hand is an impressive book of 468 airy looking pages with a photograph of the author, full face, on the cover grasping himself, lightly, by the throat. The expression is serious, he is looking directly at you as if he were saying that you do



what he has suggested only with more effective purpose. Or you might read the poems, which prayerfully he hopes—if you lack the intelligence to absorb them—may have the indicated effect.

I have had at least five of Cummings' books on my shelves for many years. I did have a sixth but I got so mad at it that in spite of the fact that my wife had made me a present of it at my request I tore it up and burned it; at least it had that much virtue in it and I shall never, in the present mode, cut me into small pieces and feed me to the dogs, "reveal its name." One more book, a handsome one, I keep in my grandmother's trunk in the attic, *ViVa*, happening on it whenever I go there in search of something else. I do not have his first book of poems, *Tulips and Chimneys*, much to my regret.

These are the works of a lyric poet. They could well all be called "songs" for they sing themselves to the ear, for the most part, beautifully; a lyric poet with a weakness for the sonnet which (if you can recognize it) you will find scattered through all the books.

Cummings is celebrated after all for the unconventionality of this punctuation and phrasing. You cannot mistake his page to have been written in anything but the American dialect. The scenes and persons he celebrates, with a dash, are from the life he sees about him. In spite of what they say and what the Red Cross may pretend soldiers still go to war with "trumpet, clap and syphilis."

Anything which forces the eye or the voice to revalue what it contemplates on the page (as in the case of Leonardo or any other artist) is Cummings' meat. For by such manoeuvres the attention is tied to what is being said or you might miss it. All very well, you say, what of it? Save that if you continue to read, you have to do PRECISELY what he wants you to do, i.e., use your wits and your eyes CORRECTLY. That is all, save that you will be rewarded for your pains by a vision of loveliness and not be deceived or cheated in any way. He has a New England conscience that can be most exasperating. In fact he is a veritable Puritan with his pornography whenever he is forced to use it.

From, 1x1 (One Times One):

nonsun blob a  
cold to  
skylessness  
sticking fire  
my are your  
are birds our all  
and one gone  
away the they  
leaf of ghosts some  
few creep there  
here or on  
unearth

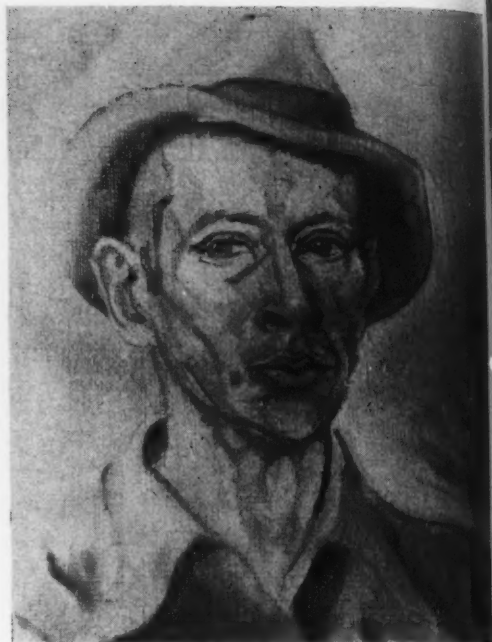
The above is quoted to make an example of it for Cummings is said to be difficult, if you can understand one poem you can understand all.

What in the world are you to make of this poem? Because when you are a critic you are definitely not a poet. I'll show you.

It is, definitely, a composition (a conventional composition)—it has to be for the lines are arranged regularly. In fact they are arranged in the form of a quatrain: four lines followed by four lines. That is always something.

Each of these groups of four lines is followed by another to which it is similar. In what is it similar to the one that precedes it? It is like the one that precedes it in the organization of its rhythmical sequence; that is what (musically) it means. Poems are like that.

Therefore it is a poem and not for anything the lines say.



E. E. Cummings: *Self-Portrait*, 1947. Photo by Marina Morehouse

It is thrilling thus to have the lines reft of sense and returned to music.

It is marvellous to be so intoxicatedly loosed along the page. We (as all poets feel) are free to cut diagonally across the page as if it were a field of daisies to lie down among them when the sun is shining "to loaf at our ease."

E. E. Cummings, like Bobby Burns, is intoxicated by women as this poem attests and that is what the poem means. But his women must have the manners of quatrains and be governed by that music (not that they must *always* be that way) if they are to captivate him. That is my criticism of him and of his poem; great virtues.

Over and over he says the same thing, but the meaning gets lost, often, among the punctuation, try as "i" will to make it plain and try as hard as I can "i" cannot make it plainer that it doesn't mean anything that "i" say but what "i" do (on the page) that is the meaning.

Is that plain—and dancing enough?

"The play's the thing" but Cummings' is not a play-boy, he means what he dances: *da capo al fin*.

Oh! I forgot to say that there have been eight or ten books written since his first book *The Enormous Room*, a book I would have called, but for the French writer, Artaud, a masterpiece. *Tulips and Chimneys* began the poems, memorably. We who read that will not forget it. Then came in succession: *XLL Pomes*; &; *Is5*; the play—*Him*; by e.e.cummings; (no title); *CIOPW*; *ViVa*; *Eimi* (prose); *No Thanks*; *Tom*; *1/20*; *Collected Poems*; *50 Poems*; *1 x 1* and the present volume.

Take hope, all ye who enter here, for you will certainly be lost—and amused and fascinated by much beauty. You will not have Virgil for your guide for in fact he would not fit here as Catullus might. I could not speak either for Ariel for the atmosphere smells much too earthy and Cummings himself can be earthy, if you know what I mean.

It reminds me of a story I heard recently about a very shy young woman who when an older woman, whom she had met at a tea, was announcing how embarrassed she felt over her hands being so grimy spoke up:

I know how you can get them clean.

How? inquired the lady.

Make a pie.





Harry Horner: Setting for *The Flying Dutchman*, Act. 1. San Francisco Opera Company. A projection of the Planer system.

## Music by Alfred Frankenstein

### Something New in Opera

Things being what they are, the day of the five-foot tenor and the six-foot soprano may never see its end, but most of the other dramatic absurdities of opera are rapidly moving toward the exit sign. Not for years have we seen full-blown examples of those operatic gestures which this writer once classified as the Bucket Balance, the Asthma Clutch, and Worse-Than-Death; opera singers have learned to behave like human beings, and even the stage on which they act is being made fit for human habitation.

The Bing regime at the Metropolitan must be granted great credit for this, but in one or two respects the San Francisco Opera Company jumped ahead of the Metropolitan during the course of its recent season. The San Francisco Opera Company has a new artistic director, Kurt Herbert Adler, who was chorus master during the last years of Gaetano Merola's directorship and who succeeded to the top office when Maestro Merola died last year. Adler has done quite a few things which his company has never previously attempted, including an American premiere (Cherubini's one-act comedy, *The Portuguese Inn*) and an American stage premiere (Honegger's *Joan of Arc at the Stake*); he has brought over that amazing ball of fire, Paul Hager of Nuremberg, to spark up the stage direction in German operas, and he has put the whole matter of staging, lighting, and setting in the hands of a genuinely creative artist, Harry Horner.

One of Horner's most interesting innovations, and one which has never before been tried in any large theater in the U. S., is the use of Paul Planer's system for projecting scenery on a screen or cyclorama. This system is different from others of its kind in several ways, all of them good.

For one thing, Planer employs a wide-angle lens, so that a single image can be cast over a huge area, if necessary with

an extremely short throw. For another, the Planer projector can produce several images at once, moving in the same or in opposite directions, at any rate of speed that may be desired; the use of two such projectors provides a practically cinematographic range of possibilities, all of them painted on a pack of mica slides you can carry in your pocket. The machines are worked from light bridges, above the heads of the actors; consequently no shadows are thrown on the projected images and any amount of constructed scenery can be placed and lighted in front of them. Incidentally, because of the steep angle of the throw, the slides must be painted anamorphically so that the projections will come out straight.

Planer is responsible only for the system, not for the scenery itself. Horner is using it especially for operas with fantastic, legendary atmosphere, like *The Flying Dutchman*, and for works, like *Joan of Arc at the Stake*, which not only require special atmosphere but many short scenes beside. There are 11 scenes in *Joan*, each running into the next like those of an old French tapestry, and it could not be staged at all with a flapping curtain and with a pulling and hauling of painted flats.

*Joan* had not been performed at the time of writing, but the projected scenery we were given in the *Flying Dutchman* was something of a masterpiece. The effects of rock, water, and fog, the scudding ghostly ships, the masts at the quayside in a gray northern harbor, all were evocative and significant to an unparalleled degree. Actually what we saw was the reverse of a good motion picture score—a subtle, imaginative underlining of visual effect by means of visual devices, and visual devices as plastic in terms of time as the music itself. This is something new in the American opera house, and it proved its case.



Frans Hals: *The Jolly Toper*. From the Rijksmuseum, Amsterdam

## Paintings for Princes and Farmers *by Bernice Davidson*

### *As Overwhelming as a Dutch Breakfast*

A welcome from Hals' *Jolly Toper* greets visitors to the loan exhibition of Dutch paintings at the Metropolitan Museum. With glass poised, lips parted, hand extended, this swash-buckling cavalier seems about to toast our health or to burst into a rousing song. His lusty enjoyment of the moment is infectious, setting us in the proper spirits for the splendid spread of nearly 100 paintings from Holland's Golden Age, the 17th century.

A heady mood of pride and optimism seized the Dutch in the early years of the century. Although battered by many bloody years of struggle with Spain and threatened with many more battles to come, they had broken the grip of Spanish rule. The first decade of the century brought their fleets decisive victory over the Spanish naval forces at Malacca and Gibraltar giving the Dutch virtual control of the overseas trade routes. A few years later the United Provinces wrung from Spain a 12 year truce.

An era of great economic prosperity followed as the Dutch gained supremacy in trade and commerce. In this predominantly middle-class society everyone, it seems, wanted paintings. The English diarist, John Evelyn, wrote in 1641: "We arrived late at Rotterdam, where was their annual mart or fair, so furnished with pictures (especially landscapes and drolleries, as they call those clownish representations), that I was amazed. . . . It is an ordinary thing to find a common farmer lay out two or three thousand pounds in this commodity. Their houses are full of them, and they vend them at their fairs to very great gains."

What the Dutch burghers wanted were portraits of themselves, their wives and children, their homes and cattle, the land they had fought for and the sea so essential to their livelihood. They looked with an eye of innocent pleasure and exuberant pride on the rich prizes they had earned. One feels in the paintings they amassed the excitement and



Jan Vermeer: *The Letter*. From the Rijksmuseum, Amsterdam



Rembrandt: *A Man in Armor*. From the Glasgow Art Gallery

enjoyment these Dutchmen derived from the most ordinary objects of life. Through their artists' fine craftsmanship—necessary to satisfy a businessman-patron—these objects are endowed with a singular vitality and beauty.

In describing his world of material prosperity, light was the most important element for the Dutch artist. With it he might inject a suggestion of the transcendental into the most everyday scenes. Perhaps he had inherited some lingering tradition from his early Flemish forebears of the religious symbolism of light. It is light that transforms Willem Kalf's peeled lemon into a glowing jewel of color, light that forms the real subject of de Witte's church interior, light that plays the leading role in Jacob van Ruysdael's dramatic landscapes. For the two greatest artists of the century, Rembrandt and Vermeer, light became an expressive medium of the most subtle and complex nature. Rembrandt's lighting contrasts in his youthful self-portrait from the Clowes collection are rather obviously dramatic but in his late paintings, such as the Glasgow *Man in Armor*, the light seems almost an emanation of spirit from within the figure. Vermeer used light not only to animate the sensuous surface of objects but also to define the abstract shapes, the clear spaces and crystalline patterns of accents that provide the structure for his marvelously balanced designs.

Space too was an important feature of the Dutchman's life and art. In a tiny country where every foot of land reclaimed from the sea adds substantially to the total, one would expect the artist to be keenly conscious of measured space. Space in a Vermeer room or a Saenredam church assumes an almost concrete character through the mathematical precision of its construction. On the other hand, since Holland is a flat country cupped by huge skies, the Dutch were also obsessed with an almost romantic feeling for infinitely spreading space. The land- and seascapists became masters of the vast atmospheric view where contrasts between foreground and horizon are dramatized through scale and lighting. The two van Goyen landscapes illustrate perfectly

the devices used (which in the hands of lesser artists degenerated to stereotyped formulas) to evoke an impression of great distances: the shifting light, the foreground props, the single bird suspended against a misty sky.

Many lesser artists *are* included in this exhibition; more than 50 painters are represented in a group of over 90 pictures borrowed from collections in this country and abroad. Most of the examples from the ranks of smaller men are excellently chosen. The zest for life, shared, seemingly, by the most melancholy artists, lends even the mediocre products of a careful craftsman a surface opulence and vitality which is attractive to the eye. Some figures emerge as surprisingly good. Weenix, whose paintings are usually hung out of sight among the second row of pictures in provincial museums, is represented by a magnificent still-life of a dead swan with brilliantly painted white and silver-blue plumage. The two examples of Jan Steen's "drolleries" which have been cleaned recently reveal this artist to be a much more sensitive colorist than one would expect from some of his grimmer, more heavily varnished paintings.

Obviously no two people would agree on a selection of 100 paintings; one could pick 100 quarrels. For this reviewer the major omission was Honthorst, the major disappointment, Rembrandt. The only big figure piece of Rembrandt's shown is *The Denial of Peter* from the Rijksmuseum which was exhibited in this country just a few years ago. Although the painting is unquestionably the masterpiece of the exhibition, one could wish, if the museum were limited to a single example, that they had chosen a work less familiar to New Yorkers.

The paintings have been arranged in general according to size or subject matter. To most Americans this loosely organized profusion of unfamiliar artists will prove as overwhelming at a Dutch breakfast. But once fortified by the proper *joie de vivre* spirit, the visitor will find the exhibition substantial fare.





Skidmore, Owings and Merrill: Manufacturers Trust Building (at night).

## Bankers' Showcase *by Ada Louise Huxtable*

*The Manufacturers Trust Company builds a "glass house" on Fifth Avenue, and provides a further note on the uses of the arts with architecture.*

Just four blocks apart on Fifth Avenue are two of New York's most interesting examples of contemporary commercial design. These spectacular showcases for goods and services—the Olivetti shop near 47th street and the new Manufacturers Trust Company building at 43rd street—could not be more striking or more different. In both there is a conscious awareness and clever use of design drama, a lavish display of exotic materials and a successful combination of architecture and sculpture. Differences in interpretation, however, separate the two by much more than the four short blocks between them; these designs represent two opposite poles of today's architectural thought and taste.

The Olivetti shop, the work of Italian architects Lodovico Belgioioso, Enrico Peressutti and Ernesto Rogers (ARTS DIGEST, July 1, '54), shows the love of fantasy, the infatuation with originality, the insistence on eccentric solutions and uninhibited sensuous effects that are characteristic of so much Italian post-war design. The Manufacturers Trust Building, by the American firm of Skidmore, Owings and Merrill, stems from another tradition—the architectural disciples of Mies van der Rohe, Le Corbusier and Walter Gropius and the Bauhaus—and achieves equally spectacular ends through precision, order and restraint.

This \$3,000,000 five-story building, with its huge glass curtain walls set in polished aluminum frames, represents a complete break with that enduring architectural oddity: bank design tradition. Until now, most "modern" banks

haven't been marked by much more than a conservative cleanup of their facades in a manner as reminiscent as possible of the massive, marble-faced temples of popular banking taste. There's good reason for a radical change. Today, with deposits federally insured, banks are selling services, not security. Horace C. Flanigan, head of Manufacturers Trust, compares modern banking to merchandising. Gordon Bunschaft, in charge of design for Skidmore, has called the bank a "store type of operation, open, departmentalized, efficient." In line with this, the first two floors are given over to customer services. The giant Mosler vault on the ground floor is placed so that its circular, 30-ton stainless steel and polished bronze door, specially designed by Henry Dreyfuss, is only ten feet away from the exterior glass wall and Fifth Avenue. It is virtually "in the window." Spectacular merchandising, this, and good visual drama, too, emphasized by spotlighting (for security and publicity) at night. It is a shrewdly conceived display device comparable to the placing of one of Olivetti's beautiful typewriters on an elegant marble stand *outside* of the Olivetti shop, for public use. The second, or mezzanine floor, stops about eight feet short of the exterior wall, the edge guarded only by planting boxes, so that the drama of the all-glass wall is uninterrupted for a height of two full stories. This is made possible by a two-way cantilever construction. Third and fourth floors are devoted mostly to the bank's own administration and operation, and the fifth floor, set back and surrounded by roof



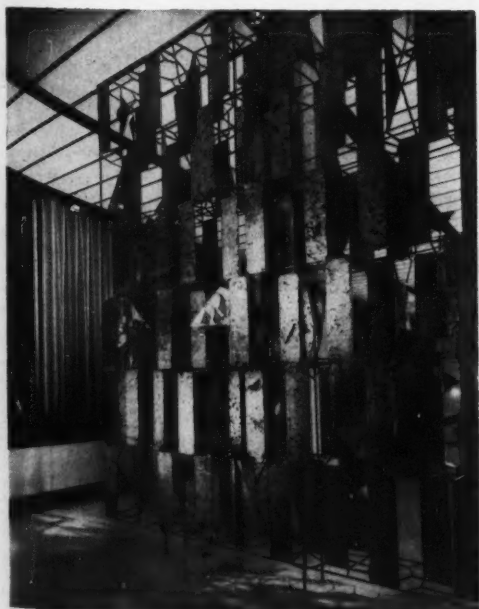
terraces, is given over to executive offices, board room and lounge, dining room and kitchen. Eleanor Le Maire served as interior design consultant.

The esthetic effects of this new "glass architecture" have a special fascination. In Lever House, the walls of blue-green heat-resistant glass still form an architecture of substance: a visible exterior of a slick, solid material crisscrossed by the pattern of the metal frame. In that building, and in the United Nations Headquarters building, the reflection of clouds and skyscrapers partly dematerializes this texture-less but tangible outer shell, and adds to its shining surface a considerable, if ephemeral decorative pattern that changes constantly. In the Manufacturers Trust Building the glass is colorless and clear, and because of the even illumination inside, material walls disappear. Spandrels and mullions become mere frames for the arrangement of the interiors. The whole, viewed from the outside, is no longer architectural in the traditional sense: it is a design, not a substance, but of color, light and motion.

The mezzanine, or main banking floor, is the focal point of the building. Its most striking and significant features are two metal sculptures by Harry Bertoina: a 70-foot screen wall separating the banking area from the elevators, and a hanging construction at the head of the escalator. The screen wall is a note of Byzantine splendor in an otherwise austere elegant interior. Brilliant gold in color, primitive in texture and pattern, it is the perfect accent for the polished surroundings. Since it has some bearing on a continuing controversy (Aline Sarrinen, *Architectural Forum*, June, '54, Alma Reed, *ARTS DIGEST*, Oct. 1, '54) it is worth noting that the architect was responsible for the concept of the decorative screen wall and the selection of the artist. Bertoina worked closely with the designers of the building to develop a construction that would be suitable in "architectural" size and scale, without compromising his creative individuality in any way. The architect's contention that the function of painting or sculpture within the structural framework is principally a decorative one, dependent upon the architect's determination of position and function (and also on his esthetic sensibility to the need for areas and effects of increased richness and meaning within his design) is a defensible one. The result, here, has been the successful integration of two of the major arts. Take away the sculpture and the design of the interior loses its emotional impact.

Deprive the sculpture of this beautifully staged setting, of which it is a functioning, if not a structural part, and it would lose a good part of its meaning and effectiveness. It is interesting, too, that abstract sculpture seems to combine particularly well with modern architecture to create something of that same esthetic synthesis that existed between Renaissance and Baroque architecture and painting. Its three-dimensional intricacy, its emphasis on pleasing irregularities of texture and form, its direct sensuous appeal, are an appropriate complement to the precision and simplicity of the modern architect's vocabulary. It is unfortunate that the delicacy of Bertoina's decorative hanging piece is somewhat lost against the powerful glow of the luminous ceiling, although strong spotlights have rescued it to a great extent. The shadow, which should be handsome, is a blur. As clever and splendid as this luminous ceiling may be, and it is undeniably effective, no device yet—no colored tubes, no diffusing screen—has ever succeeded in making fluorescent light pleasant or flattering. Only the large amount of tempering daylight makes this a successful installation.

The use of color and material in all of the interiors is superior, with just one exception. It seems incredible that the taste responsible for the harmonious browns and golds, the beautifully related and subtly graded blues and beiges of the executive quarters, the perfect vermilion accents of the public floors, could have produced the discordant colors of the employees' lounge. Strident, inharmonious shades that vie with each other in intensity in the name of "cheerfulness and gaiety" would seem more likely to produce headache and neurosis. In the public areas and offices the materials are uncompromisingly luxurious. Writing tables and tellers' counters on the banking floors combine creamy Italian marble, Macassar ebony and stainless steel. There are walls of teak, gray German marble and Canadian black granite. The executive penthouse adds the sybaritic touch of Siamese silks, Scotch and Moroccan carpeting, pearlescent and natural leathers and a small forest of Macassar ebony for table tops and desks. Paintings, drawings and prints by Léger, Tchelitchew, Tobey, Afro, Steinberg, Shahn and others have been carefully selected and well hung. The magnificent detailing of all structural elements and special installations is a joy to the beholder and an object lesson to the profession. The Manufacturers Trust Company is to be congratulated on a courageous and successful venture into the fine arts.



Harry Bertoina: Sculptured screen. Copper, nickel and brass.



Manufacturers Trust Company (in daylight).

## Matisse: an Informal Note by Joseph Kissel Foster

*Reflections of Picasso and others  
on the death of a master*

The innumerable tourists, students, collectors, critics and merely curious who besiege the studios of the European artists of reputation—those who have become important public figures in the world—have always made it somewhat difficult to see these men. The greater their reputation, the greater the obstacles. To see Picasso, for example, one has to get by Madame Inez, his *femme de menage*, then Paolo, his son, and finally Sabartes, his secretary and companion of over 40 years.

With Matisse, the matter had in recent years become even more difficult, because of his protracted illness, his advancing age, and the need for uninterrupted periods in which to work. In his case, one had to cope with the concierge, and then Madame Lydia, his Russian secretary and companion. For that reason, when I came to Cimiez on what was to be the eve of the master's death, I armed myself with a message for Madame Lydia from Madame Dufy, whose villa is just around the corner from the Matisse apartment. With me were Gene Fenn, the well-known American art and fashion photographer now living in Paris, and Madame Dufy's chauffeur, whose presence was lent to facilitate the interview.

Cimiez is a quiet suburb in the hills back of Nice. Brooding over the private villas that line the streets is the massive and all but deserted Hotel Regina. Its formal gardens are rarely glimpsed, its huge glassed-in verandah or terrasse, a hollow reminder of its long dead past. It had been at the height of its glory when it served the regal requirements of Queen Victoria. But Matisse liked the quiet retreat that it had offered and had maintained his menage there for years.

The small concierge came bustling towards us from the deep recesses of the lobby. She exchanged greetings with the chauffeur, acknowledged our presence, and then brusquely told us that it was impossible to see the old man. He was sick, she said, and he was speaking to no one. When she left us, the chauffeur thought we should try again. He left us and reappeared with the concierge.

He gestured towards me. "This man," he said, "has a message for Madame Lydia from Picasso. Perhaps Madame Lydia will talk to us."

"It is not possible," she answered. "Madame Lydia is with the doctor."

"What doctor," he asked in surprise.

"The doctor who is with Matisse."

I felt that at this point, we should leave and I apologized for intruding. She excused us, saying that we could not know. The chauffeur asked if matters were serious.

The concierge nodded. "He does not open his eyes. He does not talk," she said.

That was late Wednesday afternoon. On Thursday morning Gene Fenn and I got back to Paris and we went to see Agnès Humbert, assistant to Jean Cassou of the Museum of Modern Art. She met us at the door of her office, full of agitation. "Have you heard?" she asked breathlessly, and then without waiting for an answer, went on: "Matisse is dead. He died early in the morning."

We told her of our experiences of the day before.

"Everybody will say that it is too bad the world has lost such a master," she said. "Of course it is, but he lived a full life. He not only painted, but he did sculpture, won-

derful things, and designed tapestries, ceramics, textile patterns, posters, costumes and the chapel at Vence. Happily, he gained full recognition for his talents during his lifetime. I know everybody will say that he was a millionaire, but he worked hard for it. It is time that the world rewarded men of genius as well as industrialists. And how many people know that Matisse worked as a common laborer? When they were renovating the Palais Royal, he carried stones with his hands."

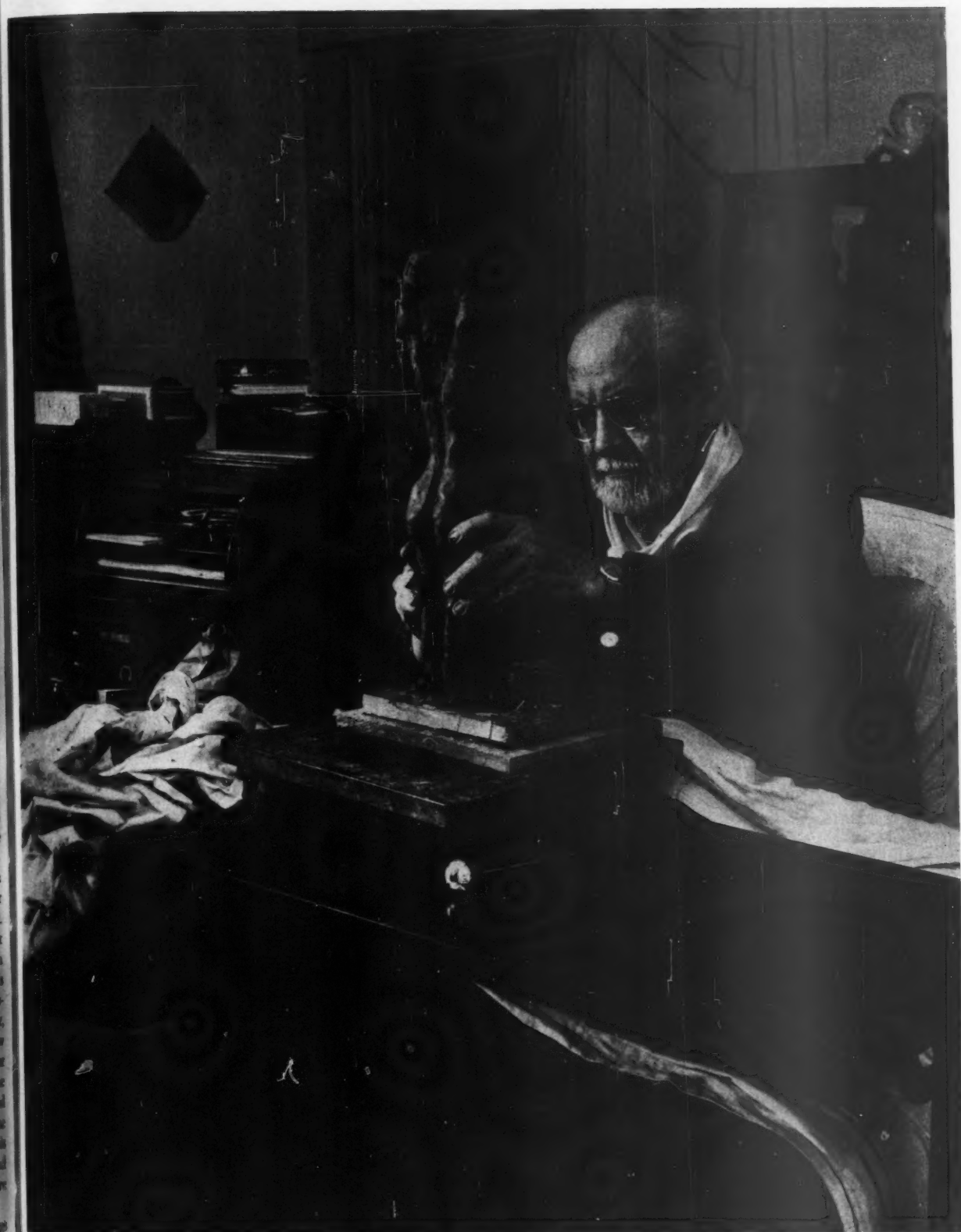
That day I heard from a number of his friends and acquaintances those same sentiments that Madame Humbert had formulated. There was no sense of grief in their reactions. Everyone agreed Matisse had really possessed a rare taste for living. Like Picasso, he had a lusty appreciation for all experience. And even his long illness did not dampen his spirit, nor his interest in politics or art or whatever new interests appeared. He took great pride in his personal appearance, resenting sloppiness and bad organization in personal matters as in work. One would never suspect, on meeting him for the first time, that he was a painter, working with pigments and oils and plaster. Picasso, or Braque or Leger have the atmosphere of the studio about them, but Matisse with his meticulously trimmed beard, fine lines, and carefully pressed lounging jacket, looked for all the world like a retired banker.

Later in the day I visited Picasso. He was playing with his two small children, Paloma and Claude, and was in one of his rare relaxed moods. The talk naturally came around to Matisse. Picasso looked out the window and said peacefully, "Il est mort, il est mort."

To Picasso the news, of course, had a personal meaning. When he was a young man in Paris, the deaths of such giants as Renoir, Cézanne, Pissarro were still fresh and remembered, and with their passing he felt the passing of a definite age. Now, as he expressed it, the death of Matisse evoked the same feeling. Since the war, Bonnard, Marquet, Dufy and now Matisse had gone. Even Derain made his passing felt. (Picasso had never forgiven Derain, who with Segonzac and Vlaminck and Von Dongen had, during the Nazi occupation, gone to Berlin to exhibit their work.)

Matisse, and to a lesser degree, Dufy, were the end of a specific development of French painting, and now their deaths had brought that tradition officially to its conclusion. But Matisse, to Picasso's way of thinking, was the most fulfilled artist of his time. He was the final blaze of a long French tradition, the caretaker, as it were, of this tradition. He was the grand inheritor of the impressionists and The Nabis, and with his blazing sense of color, of lush composition, he refined this inheritance into a new vision. He posed no serious problems, and so was never bedeviled by their lack of solution. He achieved what he set out to do, to bring lyricism, relaxation, harmony, and peace to the human spirit so far as it was possible for the artist to do so. He created no restlessness either in his painting or in the observer. The critic who called him and his early followers "Wild Beasts" (Fauves) couldn't have been more wrong.

Collioure, the town made famous by Matisse's paintings and those of his associates (the fauves) was saddened by the



A recent photograph of Henri Matisse. Courtesy Life Magazine. Copyright, Time, Inc.



## Paris by Michel Seuphor

### Picasso

Men of my generation remember an old advertising slogan: "There are 40 Immortals but only one Unpuncturable: the Michelin tire."

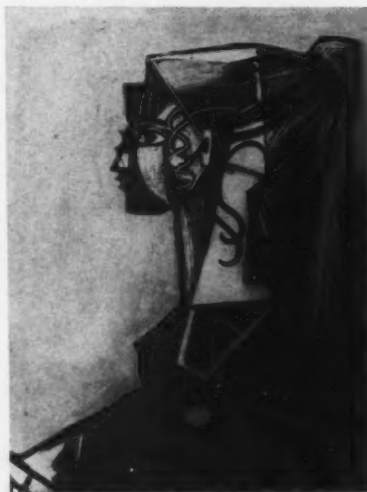
Nowadays there are certainly 40 great painters in France, but only one Picasso. For more than half a century he's been traveling all the roads of painting, not rolling but bouncing along, ignoring the racket and the startled pedestrians, just as youthful today as when he began. It's hard to say whether this youthfulness springs from the fertility of his mind, his fine sense of humor, his success (which never spoiled him), or from the great number of new and curious things that come to his studio every day from the four corners of the earth.

Picasso has been called a chameleon, a Harlequin, a farceur, and a third-rate actor. You might call him a few other names as well without straying too far from the truth, for he is all that and something else too; an extraordinarily gifted painter. In Paris one sometimes forgets that, because of the immense amount of rather vulgar publicity that surrounds the name of Picasso. True genius, we are inclined to believe, is never without a certain self-effacement, a certain reticence. Great things are rare, and rare things are not to be found in the common market. Everybody knows that Picasso doesn't at all mind being photographed, and the garland of admirers that encircles him seems neither to annoy him nor to hinder his work. His production is enormous and has never faltered.

The recent double exhibition at the Maison de la Pensée Française is a kind of recapitulation of his work. There are canvases from 1900 and from 1954, there are academic paintings (*Célestine*, 1903), cubist paintings (*Woman with a Guitar*, 1914), expressionist paintings (*Child with an Orange*, 1951); and there is an impressive series of 13 portraits of a *Young Girl*, done in 1954 in a variety of techniques that is simply overwhelming. These 13 canvases are a résumé of all Picasso, of his best, perhaps: vigorously painted, they abound in fantasy and plastic invention. In none of them is there a single brushstroke that leaves you indifferent.

Standing before all these paintings I try to sum up my impressions of Picasso. To do that I must look 30 years into the past, and to a great deal of admiration I must add much astonishment, and much irritation. His bad "bons mots," for example, have often infuriated me ("There's no such thing as abstract art," "Braque—that's my wife," "The birds are singing out of

tune"); but that is only journalistic fodder provided for gossips and snobs, and is hardly the whole Picasso. The dazzling light of all this cheap publicity must not blind us to the fact that there is another Picasso, the real Picasso, our century's fantastic inventor of images: and everything considered, the good in him far outweighs the bad.



Picasso: *Portrait of a Young Girl XIII*.

## London by William Gaunt

### Encouraging Young Artists

Much of the most interesting and provocative art discussion of the year in Britain has been concerned with ways and means of encouraging young artists and the formation of an "Art Trust" to this end, supplementing the work of the British Arts Council. The proposal, as may be judged from a long series of lively letters in the *London Times*, has had a mixed reception. It is generally agreed that private "patronage," by which somewhat antique word is meant the individuals who will buy and hang in their houses a selection of contemporary works of art, has been dwindling steadily during the last 50 years. It is also an unquestioned, and to some a disturbing fact, that the number of "artists," which means for the purpose of this argument, would-be professional painters and sculptors turned out by the art schools, has largely increased.

This might lead to the conclusion that inexorable economic processes, the decline of private wealth, have made it impossible for people to buy painting and sculpture as they once did and lead us to face the hard fact that, as one correspondent put it, "there are far too many artists for society to support." The cold economist would say that a reduction in their number is called for and inevitable. It has been frequently pointed out that practising artists tend to turn into art

teachers because they cannot sell enough to live on, though it is also clear that this produces a vicious circle, for art teaching results in more artists who cannot sell and in their turn take to teaching others.

There are various alternatives to accepting the "necessity of inevitability." Substitution of private by state patronage is one, though no one seems very keen on this kind of "subsidy for a depressed profession." It would in any case be limited, and state patronage bestowed on principle, rather than because of any definite need, hardly has an inspiring sound. One may note among the statements relative to the position of "The Artist in Modern Society" (collected by UNESCO and published this year in pamphlet form) that M. Jacques Villon is quoted as saying that artists must not "ask the State to become our patron, for that would interfere with our freedom of conception and execution, but only to support us financially." In plainer terms the artist is to be paid for doing exactly as he likes!

It is a view that some regard with invitation. Why should this obligation exist, either in respect of the State or the individual? Mr. Evelyn Waugh attacked it with a characteristic irony. Are we to assume, he asked, that a young person who sets himself up as an artist imposes a moral obligation on society similar to that owed to an aged pauper or a lunatic?"

It is a point; and if any such obligation were admitted, we should have to allow also for another point made by a correspondent in the *Times*; namely, that "Older artists also have to eat now and then." He remarked that in a recent Chelsea exhibition, some were over age. "... and very good work they do. Are they to be excluded from any schemes of assistance that may be organized, on account of their age?" It is indeed difficult to see why we should not subsidize (if we are going to subsidize anyone) deserving octogenarians as well as stripling newcomers. Without, for the moment, considering the kind of work the artists produce, let us take the proposals for reviving private patronage. A possible counter to the effect of the decline of individual fortunes in Britain is that more people should buy one or two works or as a correspondent puts it, "large numbers of individuals (might) start diverting some of the money they spend on pools (British football competitions) and television sets to buying the work of living artists." If the public, says Mr. Stephen Spender, in effect, made up its collective mind to do something of this kind in the smallest individual way the position would be vastly altered. But how is this to be achieved, and will the public buy what the artist produces without much reference to its tastes?



There is in Britain quite a widespread view that artists are too much out of contact with what any considerable number of patrons might wish to have. Again Mr. Evelyn Waugh puts this vigorously. "In spite of taxation," he says, "there are still many who deny themselves grosser pleasures in order to live with a few things which give them delight." He puts the blame fairly and squarely on the artist. "Modern art is no longer modern. Its inventors are dead or in their dotage. It is no longer a question of something being unwelcome because it is strange. There is no animus against the contemporary, merely a failure among certain contemporaries to provide the delight for which artists exist."

It might be argued that at least some people "deny themselves grosser pleasures" because they delight in "modern art": but it is a reasonable view that if the artist wishes to increase the number of patrons to any extent he should consult their tastes. The old masters, Mr. Waugh suggests, "strove to please . . . with deference and with huge versatility." And what nowadays does please? The Royal Academy exhibition provides some index. At this year's annual show, some \$85,000 worth of works of art was sold to about 550 buyers. The works were mostly inexpensive and consisted largely of "small, pleasant pictures of easily recognized subjects—landscapes, arrangements of flowers, birds or animals." Commenting on this, the Times remarks on the prevailing curious division of taste, which suggests "there is, in the human mind, some firmly ingrained preference for representation as against ratiocination in paint." Yet this exhibition was certainly regarded with no great enthusiasm by the critics. It cannot honestly be said to be the best and most vital work of today. It is still an unsolved question whether the artist can in these days, as the old master was able, please his public and at the same time produce a work of esthetic significance and original expression. Mr. Augustus John asks "What is the matter with our businessmen?" Most pictorial advertisements he finds "hideous to the eye and revolting to the intelligence." He suggests, "it would pay manufacturers to employ artists to advertise their goods," though "there must be an end to hack work and *carte blanche* to the artist!" These views created a subsidiary storm among the practitioners of advertising who protested that "young and promising artists" are eagerly sought and "often given a very free hand for their inventive ability within the unavoidable limitations of the medium."

The controversy as a whole shows once more, at least in Britain, how compartmented taste is. Those who do buy pictures, say some are "abstract minded." Those who *might* buy pic-

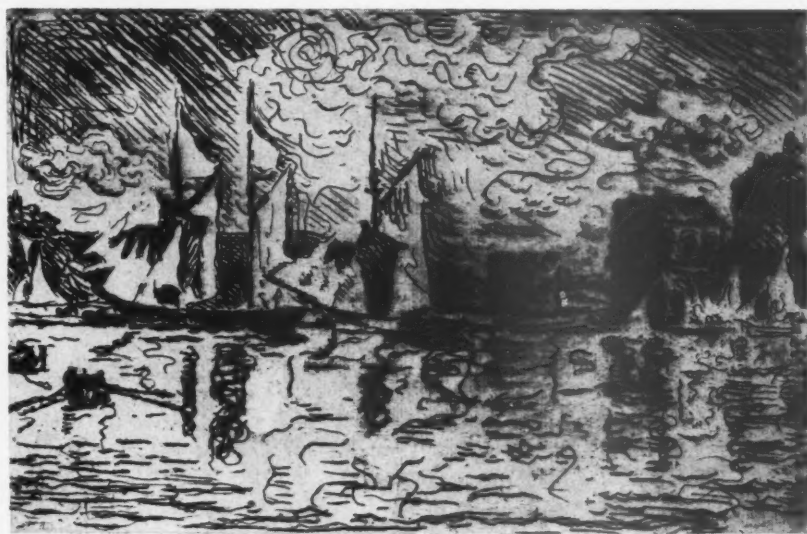
tures say others require their preference for representation to be consulted. The matter certainly will bear still further threshing out and an "Arts Trust" could do something even by inciting continued discussion which might make plainer to the public as well as the artist what it wants.

## Boston

by James Mellow

### Signac and the Moderns

The art of Paul Signac, that part of it, at least, shown in the Museum of Fine Arts' exhibition of his prints, drawings, and watercolors, is an admirable expression of poise and movement. The scenes are those of Signac's special preoccupation, the sea; harbor scenes, boats in idleness at early morning or in the tremulous heat of afternoon. There are no brooding views of solitary rocks and breaking surf, nor of the wide expanse and great monotony of the sea. It is the sea, placid and reflecting, channeled, harbored, amenable to human activity; and it is that activity which Signac gives us, perhaps most beautifully in the river scenes, the two fine drawings, *La Marine de Guerre au Pont des Arts* and *Canal St. Martin, Paris*.



Paul Signac: *Voiles au Sec a St. Tropez*. Etching (trial proof).

What makes the current exhibition so favorable a re-evaluation of a painter — no doubt, too readily catalogued as a kind of lesser Seurat — is that the media are so well in accord with the subject matter. Although Signac considered watercolor as only a "means of notation," it did permit him to catch those "elements too transitory to be fixed by the slow process of painting in oil." And surprisingly, the lithographs, too, executed in the Pointillist manner, escape the mind's caricature of fussiness associated with that technique; the picture of a man, nose to the canvas, studiously applying dot after dot. That he was as meticulous over the lithographs as over his oils, can be judged by the two trial sheets included in the exhibition, full of minute corrections, changing a spot of

color, sharpening a line, yet somehow resulting in a spontaneous and cool picture like *A Flëssingue*, in which there is no trace of staleness. Ironically, through some law by which the boundaries that one man sets upon his art become the points of departure for his successors, there is much in Signac's lithographs, full of subtle arabesques and soft mosaics of color, that point to the early fauve paintings of Vlaminck and Derain. There, with streaks of violent, pure color and undulating rhythms, a new generation attempted to catch, in oil, just those transitory elements that Signac felt were not possible.

It is a similar kind of re-evaluation that the Fogg Museum's exhibition of modern prints and drawings affords. Given in connection with the publication of Paul Sachs' book, "Modern Prints and Drawings," it includes many of the examples reproduced there, covering the graphic arts from David to Ben Shahn, which is about as far as the term "modern" can reasonably be expected to stretch. There are odd comparisons in the show, the Mexican prints seem overlarge and self-consciously "works of art" beside the careful unconcern about the whole business of art that Picasso sometimes displays, and the Bellows and Sloan works, off in an alcove, give the impression of guests who perhaps just made it this time and probably won't be invited

again. The cubist etchings, too, suffer in relationship to other works in the current show. They seem, by comparison, a little slight, with none of the substance and startling analyses of light and color which the oil paintings of that period have to recommend them.

What is good in the show, and there is a great deal, is particularly good. There is the elegance and economy of Modigliani's *Portrait of Mme. Zborowska* and the striking, sombre richness of Rouault's *Deposition*. The Cezannes suffer no loss, and in the room devoted to romantic and impressionist masters, besides the Ingres and Goyas, there is much that seems reclaimed, notably Pissarro's *L'Hermitage*, *Pontoise* and the sumptuous Delacroix, *Arab with Steed*.

## Baltimore

by Judith Kaye Reed

### A 25th Anniversary

This is the silver anniversary season of the Baltimore Museum of Art in Wyman Park and there are any number of special exhibitions and events planned to celebrate it. First stellar attraction was the recent large theme show, *Man and His Years*, a collection of 130 paintings from the 11th to the 20th centuries, which deal with some aspect of old age.

The unique theme gives fresh perspective to an interesting selection of masterworks. It also shows how a museum can integrate its work with that of the community as it highlights a social problem of our times. Presented in cooperation with the Baltimore Medical Society and the Medical and Chirurgical Faculty of the State of Maryland, the exhibition is being accompanied by a series of lectures relating to geriatrics.

The exhibition, composed of pictures from public and private collections throughout the country, is divided into three sections. Most inspirational in relation to its social theme is the first third, offering 21 paintings by "Late Beginners," among them Vivin and Bauchant and such well-known American primitives as Grandma Moses, Hirschfield, Litwak, Kane and Pickett. Clara McDonald Williamson's *Standing in the Need of Prayer*, with its taut control of design and limited color scheme, and pictures by Arnold Goldwater and Abraham Blustein are other attractive newcomers to this group. Discussing these primitives in the catalogue introduction, Gertrude Rosenthal makes this interesting comment: "... The late creations of the great painters have in common a freedom in conception and execution which goes far beyond the daring innovations of their youth. Directions of visual statement and the absence of self-consciousness also distinguish the best paintings of the other group, the so-called Late Beginners. Between them and the illustrious masters who have grown old, there seems to exist a kinship, not in artistic achievement but in their emotional attitude toward their work. Those who start painting after their life's work is done are rarely driven by ambition for public recognition. Instead they wish to experience again and again the excitement of working creatively and to give realization to their vision."

Fifty-four paintings of aged sitters form the comprehensive middle section of the exhibition. It ranges from 10 delightful medieval manuscript illuminations to a parade of bearded or



Hans Memling: *Portrait of an Old Woman*

wrinkled models, set down by great and near great names of the 15th, 17th, 18th and 19th centuries, and the informal portraits of this century.

How the social climate of an artist's period shapes his approach to portraiture and, conversely how the force of personality—sitter's or artist's—can alter this approach is well illustrated here. Foremost among the early works are Van Heemskerck's dramatic portrait of his father, a dour man harshly delineated in his 75th year, and Memling's *Portrait of an Old Woman*, painted unsentimentally but with as much grace and skill. Their contemporaries, Hals and Van der Helst paint similar subjects but with a difference: the latter's portrait of a lady is done with care and skill but his model could be one of a thousand women of her generation, while Hal's Elizabeth von der Meeren seems ready to emerge from her painted status to confront her descendants as she probably did her own family. Ribera's *Bust of an Old Man* shows one, like the senior Heemskerck, unreconciled to age and loss of illusions; but it is feelingly painted

with perceptive respect for the aging personality.

With the exception of Goya's *Self-Portrait with the Physician Arrieta*, painted in gratitude after a serious illness when Goya was in his 70s, French and American artists dominate the selection of paintings from the 18th and 19th centuries. From the school of David is the eloquent *Portrait of an Elderly Lady*. Among later 19th and 20th century portraits some of the best are those of the painters' families or fellow artists. Here are Degas' *Father Listening to Pagans*, Eakins' well known *Walt Whitman*, so much freer than his other works, and Bellows' striking group portrait, *Elinor, Jean and Anna*, in which the arrangement of his tiny frail aunt, bright young daughter and large, looming mother avoids the banality of conventional studies of youth and old age. It is a striking composition, not quite perfect but transfixing in its intensity and suggestion.

Typical of the way portrait painting has changed its emphasis from the time when its first requirement was

## "We Look to the Artist to lead the Way . . ." continued from page 5

thinking of the Whitney's intellectual hierarchy for allowing artists to participate in the selection of exhibits. The implicit and pervasive conviction throughout your letter is that the judgment, and therefore the exhibition, of contemporary art must remain, so far as you are concerned, the private domain of museum directors and curators, that in fact only from the detachment of the curatorial heights can some tidy order be made out of the conflicting claims of living works.

The established policy of the Whitney, reiterated in your letter, of exhibiting all schools and styles on a "selective" basis, actually presents us once again with that false democracy of taste which has so often in the past been the refuge for failures to support the most authentic living art. The history of modernism is crowded with the kind of official ignorance which has been indifferent, when not overtly insulting, in the face of the creative intelligence. The examples of the Impressionists and Cézanne alone ought to impose on any museum official a profound sense of modesty.

Members of the older generation can undoubtedly recall with pleasure the earlier years of the Whitney's activities when, under the leadership of Mrs. Whitney and Mrs. Force, the artists themselves were given a prominent place in the museum's affairs. But the younger generation has never known a time when this has been true; they have

always been confronted by the kind of officialdom which has seemed remote from their immediate interests. And in your reply to our Open Letter they are lamentably confronted *again* by a position which does not seem even to leave the door open for a serious discussion of the subject at issue.

While the loosely-organized committee of artists from the earlier artists' exhibitions—for which, it should be stated, we are in no sense spokesmen—has not yet formulated plans for approaching the Whitney, it is certain that any indication from you or your colleagues that the door has not been shut tight on the matter, would bring about the kind of colloquy that could clarify both the specific subject and the general principles which our Open Letter embodied. Since the publication of our Open Letter, the exhibition of the Neuberger Collection in your quarters (see page 22) has convinced us that the issues have not been raised without cause.

Considering the fair-minded reputation of you and your colleagues, we can scarcely believe that you will want to dismiss these issues as mere "propaganda." To do that would imply a lack of seriousness and commitment which no cultural institution can afford to be without.

—The Editors



### COLLECTOR'S CHRISTMAS GIFT

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# Books

## Modernity from Tombs and Temples

"EGYPT: PAINTINGS FROM TOMBS AND TEMPLES." Introduction by Jacques Vandier. New York Graphic Society by arrangement with UNESCO. \$15.00.

"EGYPTIAN PAINTING." Text by Arpag Mekhitarian. Skira. \$20.00.

"THE TOMB OF RAMESES VI." Two volumes. Texts translated with Introduction by Alexandre Piankoff. Edited by N. Rambova. Bollingen Series. \$27.50.

by Leo Steinberg

The quality of a reproduction is measured by its fidelity to the original," says a current radio commercial advertising fine arts prints. The truth of which may seem self-evident until it is recalled that a similar proposition had once seemed quite as unassailable—to wit, that "the quality of a painting is measured by its fidelity to nature."

That a painting is to be judged by extraneous standards of like and unlike is a notion long driven from the criticism of art. Thus exiled it has found refuge in the criticism of art books. The work of Skira in particular has incurred angry raps from fastidious connoisseurs. Skira plates are said to be too glossy, their color heightened to an alien sheen; ripped from their context, they display the cropper's fancy more than the painter's aim. And the eye appeal of Skira plates adds but a false allure to a program of misrepresentation.

All of which, while it may in part be true, is on the whole beside the point. Somewhat as in Vasari's censure of Uccello the factual truth is more than neutralized by its irrelevance. "He made his fields blue," says the biographer, "his city red, and his buildings of various hues according to his fancy. In this he was at fault, for buildings which are represented to be of stone cannot, and ought not to be colored another tint."

We should reply that Vasari had not got Uccello's point. But what if he had raised this same objection of miscarried likeness to Raimondi's engravings after Raphael? Their point, surely, was pure imitation? We remember that they were once valued only for their faithfulness to Raphael. But even here the borrowed value has long faded, and they are now prized for what they are in their own terms, as masterpieces of engraver's art. For us a Marcantonio print can no more duplicate the experience of a Raphael than a Raphael can stand proxy for the experience of nature.

We submit that what holds for those earliest prints must hold, in principle, for modern books of reproductions. The pretense that they do duty for original art should be left to the sales promoter. The rest of us must be aware that Malraux's *musée imaginaire* of available art books constitutes a Copernican revolution in our intercourse with art. Instead of ambling about paintings—in *situ* or in galleries—we sit quite still and, as we turn the pages,



Tomb of Nakht: a young servant-girl adjusting an earring for a guest. 18th dynasty. From "Egypt: Paintings from Tombs and Temples." (Unesco World Art Series.)

let the pictures circle about us. Furthermore each book plate comes to us within a patterned sequence which must itself induce contrasting qualities. A painting quartered among many in a given book takes color and relative intensity from those housed overleaf. Thus the art book, if it be well made, furnishes a unique type of esthetic experience, with its own proper laws and satisfactions. And the publisher who looks on his productions in this light is not a faker but a worker in a minor art.

The various possible approaches to art book production are exemplified in the three books under review. All three are of exceptional beauty, and all deal with aspects of Egyptian painting. The New York Graphic Society, by arrangement with UNESCO, has produced "Egypt: Paintings from Tombs and Temples," the second in the series on "Rare Masterpieces" which had begun with the Ajanta Caves. And Skira has added "Egyptian Painting," with an excellent text by Arpag Mekhitarian, to its "Great Centuries" series.

It is a pity that so fine a book as UNESCO's should have such a formidable rival at its heels. But though the UNESCO plates are twice the size of Skira's, they suffer in the comparison. By means of intense overhead lighting, the Skira photographer has emphasized the crumbly texture of the ground; in the UNESCO plates the texture blurs into improbable *sfumato*. Three paintings reproduced in both books show up in the Skira plates with a sharpness of drawing and a subtlety of coloration for which one looks in vain in the larger volume.

But the comparison points also to another difference which goes beyond technique: Skira's p. 83 of a cat scaring birds out of a papyrus thicket is so cropped that all the weight of the design is gathered on the left to balance perilously against open spaces on the right; and all but two of the birds bleed off the edge, their fanning wingtips, disembodied, forming abstract marginal designs which suggest a Mondrian's sensibility to equilibrium. In UNESCO's corresponding Pl. XXIII the same thicket is shown whole and classically cen-

tered—probably more as the artist thought of it. But in the end both reproductions are details lifted from a teeming wall. They complement each other, and if our object is to study Egypt's painting rather than to take pleasure in a picture book based on that art, both will need to be completed by a shot of the wall in all its tiresome entirety.

More must be said of Skira's ingenious scissoring, and the all but tender caress of its close-ups. Where we used to feel a cool conventionality in the painting, say, of an Egyptian tree, a Skira detail from a painted grapevine comes at us with the shock of sudden intimacy, with an unembarrassed show of the painter's hand, of brushwork varied and direct, sometimes impatient or faintly naive, but always unsuspected by those generations of art students who were raised on the watercolor copies of Mrs. Nina Davies.

Again, such concentration on small samplings may vex the scholar who mistakes this volume for a survey of Egyptian painting; it cannot but delight those who accept it as a personal anthology of taste and elegance. For its point is not alone "how marvellous were the Egyptians," but "how marvellous are we who can extract such modern wonders from Egyptian art." We react to the Skira plates somewhat as to *objets trouvés*, praising the perceptive finder. And we soon feel that this book is an ode to contemporary taste as much as to old Egypt.

It is part of the anthropologist's bias to have chosen those among Egyptian paintings which are at least linear and most painterly, least academic and most deviationist. The UNESCO volume attempts no such discrimination, and offers a selection at once more random and more typical. By and large it confirms Egyptian painting as a tinting of line-bounded areas with flat pigmentation. "Glory be to God for dappled things"—we say, as Plates VII and XIII produce a drove of brindled cows. For at sight of these blessed cattle even the Egyptian "Scribe of Outlines" is compelled to note internal modulations.

Not that the UNESCO volume will fail to



surprise. Focused, like Skira's, on the hey-day of Egyptian painting during the New Kingdom, it reproduces numerous figures in which the convention of mixed perspective (frontality of shoulders with profile head and legs), is boldly overruled—despite the 15 centuries of veneration massed behind it. Four out of the 32 plates display figures with shoulders properly foreshortened in continuous side view. But note that this rude realism is reserved for the bodies of mere servant girls and music makers; it would no more presume to loosen the hieratic stance of the well-born than our whiskey ads would think of calling on the candid camera to depict men of distinction.

This dichotomy of separate esthetics for the high and low is not confined to Egypt; it may be traced through Greek and Western art until its final resolution in Baroque. It may be found as well in the young Shakespeare, who imputes realistic speech to the low clouts that open Romeo and Juliet, but who, with the entrance of the noble Tybalt, bursts into ornamental rhetoric.

What this dichotomy proves for Egyptian art is that the formalism of its painters was an act of choice, not due to lack of talent or curiosity. It makes of realism an available alternative whose use was socially determined. This should surprise anyone who still thinks of this art as uniformly bound within tradition. But then it is a safe prediction that few of the prejudices current on Egyptian art will survive the impact of these welcome publications.

The third work under review is concerned with no common prejudice. Packaged in two large boxed volumes, and devoted to a detailed survey of one tomb, it is designed (successfully) for a small circulation. The tomb in question is that of Rameses VI, a late kingling of times notoriously decadent, who stole his sire's sepulchre to amplify his private immortality. Ancient Greek tourists loved that tomb, it being large enough and late enough (ca. 1, 150 B.C.) to have remained conspicuous and comparatively unsubmerged by sands. Napoleon's men, too, liked to roam along its 100 yards of dipping limestone corridors and chambers, and from their mystifying decorations they derived the familiar concept of Egyptian

Tomb of Nakht: girl picking flax. From "Egyptian Painting." (Skira)



painting as hieratic, stiff, priest-dominated, esoteric, and conventional. The reproductions—a portfolio of 196 superb looseleaf collotypes—show no cause to alter that verdict.

But the theme of this book is not Egyptian art—of which this tomb holds but the mass-produced variety; it is Egypt's religion and scripture—of which the tomb forms a considerable library. With patient learning Dr. Fiankoff (of the French Institute of Oriental Archeology in Cairo) has translated every scrap of wall and ceiling text. His literary yield dates from three centuries and covers cosmology, astronomy, mythology and "What is in the Netherworld," and a rudimentary ethic—each with the ineluctable coefficient of magic. Most of the material tends to remain obscure to the general reader in comparative religion, as it remained to the Greek Kilroy who wrote upon one of these walls: "I, Diascoramon, saw this folly and it puzzled me."

But the reader must remind himself that Dr. Plankoff's purpose was not theory or explanation, but first of all description and translation. It is upon work of such massive scholarship (and on the four volumes still to come from the Bollingen Foundation to complete its series on "Egyptian Religious Texts,") that future thinkers will base their interpretations. Meanwhile the Foundation should be thanked for the finest piece of two-color typography to have appeared in many years.

### Serigraph Images

"IMAGES" by *Alva*. 12 original Serigraphs. Foreword by R. V. Gindertael. Serigraph Galleries Edition limited to 160 copies. \$125.

by *Leo Katz*

According to the translated introduction Alva's is an art of meaning which "affirms itself throughout the evolution of Alva, an evolution which, through a logical process of abstraction, has at first muted the image, that is the descriptive representation . . ." and so it goes on in highly complicated language.

In contrast to this forced type of explanation the work itself is of appealing simplicity and combines qualities one does not often meet together in the same work. In spite of a certain sophistication in the abstract treatment there is a convincing power and naturalness present. The usual conflict between color and design as separate elements is successfully avoided and each composition feels as if grown out of its design as well as out of its color scheme. The somewhat rigidly abstract patterns are full of figurative suggestions at times not without a sense of humor although the colors are rather of a serious ensemble. An element of spontaneous freedom combines with carefully calculated distribution and a richness of general effect seems to go with a frugality of means. The technical execution is masterfully handled. The movements take place in a two-dimensional plane yet there are all sorts of suggestions of spatial separation.

The paper with its rough surface goes exquisitely with the velvety textural effect of the prints. The whole volume makes a distinguished impression of excellence although it lacks the inspiring ring of a pioneer's work.

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# Fortnight in Review

## Fragonard in Our Time

Curiously an exhibition of French 18th Century painting is more acceptable today than it was only a year ago. I think the reason is that modern American "abstract" art, generally established at last, has developed a yearning for a certain elegance and has begun to sack the past for motifs. The plan has not been a conscious one but the results have been startling—especially when an artist suddenly discovers in Fragonard (1732-1806) an escape into a new rapture devoted to romance and luxury. This is the Fragonard who, along with those equally disreputable gallants, Boucher (1703-1770) and Watteau (1684-1721), couldn't have made the grade a few years ago as fish wrapping, so to speak.

These three are being shown in the company of Chardin's *The Attribute of the Arts* at the Wildenstein Gallery (through Dec. 11, admission 60 cents) with a loan exhibition in honor of the acquisition of this largest of Chardin's still lifes by the Minneapolis Institute of Arts.

Unfortunately it is a boring painting and that is all that can be said about it—except that it appears practical in the face of the fanciful excesses of Prud'hon's *L'Amour et L'Amistie* and the insipidly homely allegory of Greuze's *Indolence*.

This group is rounded out by the presence of de la Tour—a sprightly pastel head; David—a portrait; Pater—*The Bathers*, loaned by the Toledo Museum and seen in America for the first time; Carl Van Loo—two allegorical subjects, *Music* and *Painting*, weirdly presaging Renoir; and several others of generally unvarying competency.

But it is the Fragonards that are of interest, particularly *The Education of the Virgin*. It is a not very good painting that reveals at once the casualness accompanying true elegance and a technique of the brush amenable with the individual demands of the artist. This is what many painters today seem to want. Here we have the borderline abstraction, created by hardly more than suggestions of real forms in places, falling from his rapid brush that painted without hesitation the highlights of the robes in one running gambit of thick paint. This was sheer virtuosity and it seems as if he were in a rush to please his demanding patrons with only a minimum while he got on with the painting. In the misty landscape *Colin Maillard*, his economy and subtleties amount to arrogance in the face of details, and this is charming in the best sense.

Boucher's *The Birth of Venus* conveys a similar impatience and somehow recalls El Greco—without the dramatic darks and lights and contrasting forms. Watteau, nearer Chardin than these two, approaches them in a sense of enchantment and, of course, in general sentiment.

But there is this danger: the notion that our intrinsic materialism can be mollified by a display of manners, which is what will be attempted if these paintings are believed completely. The grass on the other side of the fence is greener but when it is the past it covers a grave.—SIDNEY TILLIM.



Pater: *The Bathers*

## The Neuberger Collection

There is a puzzling redundancy in exhibiting at this time the Neuberger Collection of some 100 paintings and sculptures, for it comprises a museum of 20th century American art on the third floor directly over the Whitney's own collection on the second. Almost every important American artist of our time is included, whether it be pioneers like Dove, Stella, Weber, conservatives like Hurd, Karfiol, or the established avant-garde, as seen in Hofmann, Pollock, Smith. In other words, this is a duplicate survey of the modern American scene which only reiterates the points made on the floor below.

This is not to say, however, that there are not many fine specimens on view (consider Rattner's *April Showers*, with its brilliant interplay of facial fragments, or the sturdy and imposing *Fishermen's Last Sup-*

*per* of Hartley), as well as a few lesser known items which offer a welcome relief to the all-too-familiar panorama of Marin, Hopper, Davis, Levine, *et al.* Of these, I would point to some of the younger masters displayed—to Robert d'Arista's *Sun Batbers*, a dazzling *tour de force* in which two figures are consumed by the glowing orange and salmon surface; to Herbert Katzman's *Zinnia's*, a masterly wedding of jagged, animated petals to the nervous rhythms of its rich blue background; to William Kienbusch's vigorous landscape, which, like the superb Vydacil, encompasses and controls the torrential energies of nature; or to Seymour Drumlevich's transformation of the iron and glass Naples Galleria into an intricate, fibrous network of scorching reds. But as for the rest, there is little, if any, news. (Whitney, to Dec. 19.)—R.R.

Robert D'Arista: *Sun Batbers*



## Monticelli

Rosenberg Galleries performs a valuable service to the art world in rescuing this artist from oblivion and establishing his creative powers. Little known to the artistic world of his day, except to a few fellow painters, he has become in our time a pallid figure on the fringes of impressionism. Complete indifference to acclaim and the careless grouping together of his fine works with his negligible ones and with those of his feeble imitators accounts in a measure for his neglect. Cézanne and Van Gogh recognized his gifts. Van Gogh in particular, realized that Monticelli was a pioneer in relying on color as a means of expression.

He was a thrilling virtuoso with his sweeping brush, in his piling up pigment to obtain plastic forms. He built these compositions with firmness of structure obtaining a sense of infinite spaces and mysterious depths, not with penumbras, but the subtle modifications of luminosity. In his *fêtes galantes*, the figures surge through waves of brilliant colors. (Rosenberg, to Dec. 11.)—M.B.

## George McNeil

McNeil's paintings are not naturalistic. His cognition of nature is on levels other than those which are usually covered by this loosely used word; he prefers, for instance, to ally his work with nature as an all-inclusive concept, rather than with nature's isolated appearances. Then, too, he commits himself to another nature—the pictorial life he creates—in an act which may have as its counterpart the excavator's obsessed search for buried things of value.

The color areas have the weight and solidity of clays colored all the way through their dense substance, crusted and rutted, yet attaining a translucency like the surfaces of much-handled metals.

McNeil is an artist who, like Albert Ryder, wants to paint not the look of the storm cloud but the storm within, and, like Ryder, he destroys and repaints again and again. He seems still concerned with the tonalities of color, rather than its full resonance, but makes their subtle harmonies their virtue so that each painting has, with one or two exceptions, a silveriness.

An elegaic dignity in these paintings with the sober lyricism, expresses the artistic creative act. (Egan, to Dec. 4.)—S.F.

## Karel Appel

With the joyous ferocity of an uninhibited child, Karel pours out his images on paper

Monticelli: *Réunion dans un Parc*



George McNeil: *Gray Stones*

or canvas, and the images themselves, in their bold crudity, offer a shock as direct and intense as those lauded in the work of children.

The Dutch expressionist birches full tilt into the painting act. Working with a passion which counts on an apparent recklessness as its strength, he converts many of the accidents occurring through this method into freshly struck-off color forms which have their own symbolic logic and handsome plasticity.

Some are blue-gray or slate colored, others smack the observer with bright densities of yellows, reds and blues. *Birds on the Roof* is an example of Appel's subjective approach: the rough strokes, slapped and gridded; the gloomy bird-beast heads against black, their toothy mouths open in graven mourning cries. (Jackson, through Dec.)—S.F.

## Herbin and Metzinger

A small selection of works by two early cubists who were very much a part of the movement but were not lasting leaders. The paintings here attest to their sincerity and earnest pursuit of cubism's goals. Herbin's *Man with a Cap* and *Seated Woman* still carry a residue of feeling but are conservative in their approach.

The Metzingers, though clear and well intentioned (and in remarkably fresh condition) are so acceptable today that one cannot argue with their angular forms and simultaneous views. *Beer and Cigars*, however, creates a pleasing and memorable image with its delicate tone and subtle textural effects. (Niveau.)—L.G.

## Sir Alfred Munnings

More vivid panoramas of English country life are on view in Sir Alfred J. Munnings third New York show. There are many paintings on racing subjects for which he is noted. Although he uses a rather crude brush technique with a minimum of shading, he succeeds in showing the graceful lines in the structure of the horse. Movement is best caught in those canvases in which the artist is more freely expressionistic such as in *Lining 'Em Up*.

The keynote of this sporting painter is honest realism. He seems less concerned with painting itself and more with the pictures of English country life he conveys. (Wildenstein.)—C.L.F.



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Vlaminck: *Paysages aux Peupliers*

**Vlaminck**

Maurice de Vlaminck's "Blue Period," 1908-14, deserves perhaps a more distinctive label, for intense blues appear in all his later work. These dates do mark the period in which passing under many influences, particularly Van Gogh and Cézanne, he finally evolved a personal idiom of fauve-expressionism. The colors of Van Gogh's palette appear on canvases of this period as though squeezed out raw from the tubes, Vlaminck still retained much of the technique of the luminists as the series of London paintings shown here attest.

Vlaminck established no school, yet he exerted a profound influence on later art. While the post-impressionists were undecided between the *pointillisme* of Seurat and the organization of divided tones of Cézanne, he was discovering the high emotional pitch that could be reached through the simplifications of Negro art in its contrasts of rounded surfaces and sharp planes forming a basis for abstract expression—a foreshadowing of cubism.

He had already developed a personal phase of space composition, based on Cézanne's almost cubistic landscapes, but simplifying and intensifying its effects. *Le Seine a Chatou*, echoes Cézanne throughout, while in *Paysage aux Peupliers*, the subtle relationships between shapes, forms and spaces of the background landscape are Cézannesque, but the foreground brilliance of tree boles is definite fauvism. (Perls, until Dec. 14.)—M.B.

**Truda Group**

A small, well-chosen and intimate selection of semi-abstract paintings encompasses still-life, figure and landscape presentations. Of the ten painters shown, Manuel Truda in his richly pigmented *Still Life* and the accomplished line-drawing *Figure* by Tomi Black make the best impression. Also worthy of mention are the canvases of

Roberts, Jaeger, Fleishman and Shimon. Others in this show are Cutler, Weisman, Carroll and Tolsch. (Truda, to Dec. 24.)—A.N.

**Chi Kwan Chen**

Cheerful, unpretentious watercolors like these are a delight to come upon at any time. From a distance the slender rectangular panels seem pure pattern and calligraphy but in them you find a wealth of microscopic detail which deals with Chinese legends or poetry; the memory of a gorge, or the path of an agile football player.

Mr. Chen now teaches architectural design at MIT and has been in this country since 1948. His calligraphic study of black figures on a sunny American beach, *Santan*, is a marvel of skill, knowledge and humour. *Kites Play with People* and

Chi Kwan Chen: *The Tiger*



*Spring* are delightfully contemporary treatments of traditional Chinese perspective and brushwork. The artist succeeds in combining tradition and modern concepts with no apparent effort. (Weyhe, to Dec. 18.)—L.G.

#### Rhea Brown

Caribbean subjects by an American-born artist who worked with Camilo Egas include portraits, landscapes, still lifes. In drawings and in gouache Miss Brown has a deft line for characterizing objects: bananas, pineapples, a bowl of fruit, leaves, a vase of flowers, a growing vine. She uses the deepest values of blue, green, and red orange. In pencil and in ink her shadings are dark, strongly implying the thick growths and intense sunlight of the tropics.

Her pictures tend to be more effective within their own pattern than in the rendition of forms, volumes, enormous spaces; the portrait heads, lacking in dimension, fall into a cliché. Mountain ranges of great density, a village packed into a valley, two natives caught candidly over their work—with these quick impressions in black and white the artist shows an accurate and sympathetic eye. (Galeria Sud-americana, to Dec. 11.)—S.B.

#### Emlen Etting

In his 26th one-man show he exhibits 30 of his most recent oils which include decorative still-lives, figures in landscapes, portraits, and pastels, and a series of water-color drawings which are direct studies done at rehearsals of the conductor, Eugene Ormandy, and of ballet dancers from the Sadler Wells group. His passion for music and the dance are apparent not only through his choice of subject matter but also because of the element of movement which is of prime importance in his treatment of all subject matter. It is out of movement, incorporated in line and brush-stroke, that his form evolves. Long slender leaves, stems and petals flow, twist, and bend, and clouds swirl and dance across the sky in a way similar in feeling to the whirling outlines of his dancers. The drawings, which are curiously reminiscent of wire sculptures, are delightful. (Midtown, to Dec. 4.)—A.S.

Rhea Brown: *Bananas*



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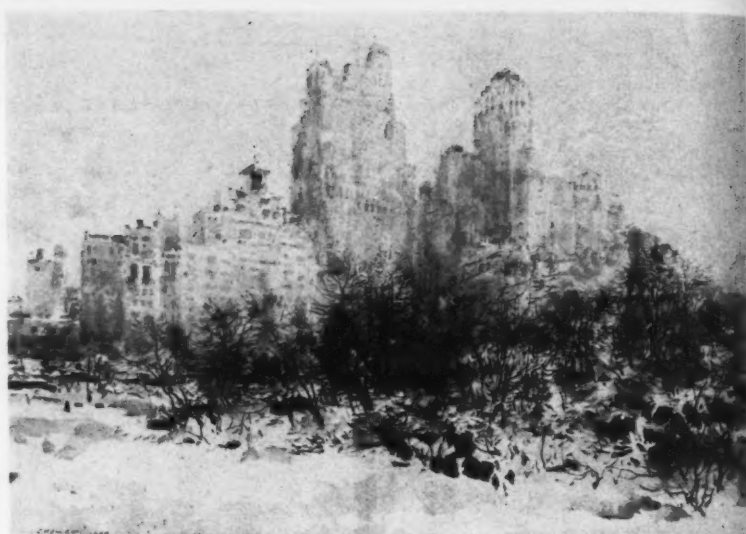
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Chen Chi: *When Snow Comes*

## Tillie Landy

Naive but assured, the decorative primitive paintings of Tillie Landy have a quiet, personal charm. The uncertain space divisions and plain two-dimensional vision, characteristic of untaught painters, prevail, and are occasionally dynamic and intriguing. (Coeval, to Dec. 12.)—A.N.

## Chen Chi

Chen Chi's gifts as a watercolorist are such that he transcends his medium completely, painting with subtle gradations of color and treasuring the small touches which give accept and points of focus to his work. Shabbiness and harsh surfaces in nature are penetrated by his humble search for their less apparent beauty, and his distortions, when they occur, are easily understood and condoned: he blurs the movement of people, or stretches heights and latitudes to convey the melancholy loneliness of crowds, of individuals, and even of buildings, huddled behind them like spreads of patchwork quilts seeking someone to warm. (Grand Central, to Dec. 4.) —S.F.

## Congdon and Kipp

William Congdon's latest canvases are a continuation of his pursuit of architectural forms, a balance of weight and air which produces a tension and texture of its own. As in his previous studies of Venice, he has invested French scenes with a brooding, sometimes ominous light and in the direct gray bulk of his *Notre Dame* he has foregone the use of elongated perspective and yet captured the peculiar elegance the squat cathedral has.

The gradual change in Congdon's work deserves a special note. Aside from treatment of paint as plaster (and this is thinning down a bit in the work he did in Greece and India) he continues to pace himself slowly, and today the race may very well go to the slow.

Lyman Kipp's slim metal constructions stand as bright exclamation points around the gallery, their lightness offering a pleasant contrast to the paints. This is Kipp's first showing in New York and though he has not yet solved the engineering feats that go with welded metal, these small bladelike perpendiculars have an appealing sincerity. (Parsons, to Dec. 18.)—L.G.

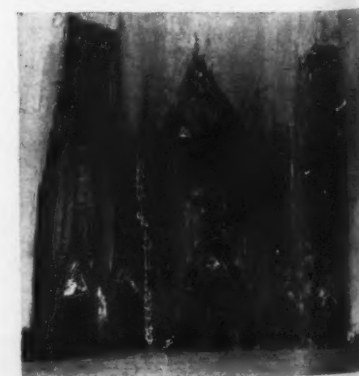
## John Altoon

Here is an artist who properly speaking belongs to that category that has been called "emerging talent." While his work has been seen in group shows and he has won one of the Emily Lowe Competition awards, it has not been seen before so that one could make a judgment of his direction nor an evaluation of the body of work he has produced up to this time. The present show provides this opportunity, and the pictures do exhibit emerging talent. Altoon has been caught up in the abstract expressionist style; even while there still remains in his forms figurative components they are in the process of dissolution. The figurative components are based both on the human figure and animal forms and landscape motifs. Some recent works are a compromise between free forms and others that are in the clutch of geometric shapes, but the most recent works indicate a breakthrough, not only in the formal aspects of the work but in the free use of color that becomes non-local. He seems to be making perceptible headway on various levels of painting. (Ganso, to Dec. 18.)—V.C.

## Linda Lindeberg

After study with Hans Hofmann and several appearances in group shows, Miss Lindeberg has brought together a selection of recent abstract paintings for her first one-

William Congdon: *Notre Dame*





man show. In various sizes, they are all heavily textured and bursting with hot color held together with black and gray formal devices. The imagery consists largely of swirls, yet every gesture is deliberate and rationalized. It may be for this reason that they lack a sense of personal observation. (Bertha Schaefer, to Dec. 4.)—H.K.

#### Milton Hebard

Firmly grounded in the social sense of art, Hebard, in this group of small mostly bronze works, offers a sociable aspect also. It is the kind of work many people could become intimate with; and when his massive facade piece for the Bronx Tuberculosis Hospital is placed on the structure, many thousands will approve the symbolism of a patient returning home healthy to the arms of his wife and children. That this is so is not derogatory at all. Why this is so contains the secret of appealing, with taste, to an audience. The figures of the facade group (exhibited in a scale model) are stylized to the extent that they are depersonalized but suggestive images of human beings. (Grand Central Moderns, to Dec. 19.)—S.T.

#### Beatrice Jackson and Cathé Wallendahl

The paintings of Beatrice Jackson are correct and carefully constructed landscapes and still-lives, executed with unobtrusive brushwork in modulated tones. Most of the landscapes, ranging from crisp New England snow scenes to glimpses of Paris and Mexico, are pervaded by tranquility and stillness, although in a cityscape the artist will exaggerate a perspective to give a heightened sense of speed or will dramatize the play of dark shadows on a sunlit roof.

The Norwegian-born sculptress Cathé Wallendahl exhibits a collection of handsome portrait busts, mostly bronzes, of distinguished figures such as Judge Medina, Admiral Halsey and Cardinal Spellman, as well as an unusual model for a garden piece or fountain in the shape of a skate. Rather than concern herself with the nuances and shadings of character of her subjects, the artist selects one or two salient characteristics on which she focuses attention. (Lilienfeld, to Dec. 4.)—M.S.

#### Gina Plunguian

Panoramic yet intimate vistas of New York are depicted in almost microscopic detail, lovingly rendered with a naive delight in the minutiae of the city scene.

In a more soberly realistic and less fanciful vein are Mrs. Plunguian's sculptures, capably executed portrait busts, finely modeled, with an emphasis on plane as well as contour. The excessively deep recesses as contour. (Argent, to Dec. 4.)—M.S.

#### Louis Hill

Though Louis Hill offers both figures and landscapes in his first one-man showing, he manages to be convincing only in the latter. The artist has found an inner rapport with nature that he apparently does not have with the figure, which results in expressive plastic form. In *New Hampshire Trees* and *Beechnut Tree* Hill develops sound relationships between semi-abstract and representational elements lending these works mature compositional authority. Otherwise, the artist has a tendency to be decorative and superficial in his pictorial analysis. (Hansen, to Dec. 15.)—A.N.

#### Whitford Carter

"From Canada to the Caribbean" is the title of these 22 watercolors done during the last year. They are landscapes (some with figures of West Indian Negroes) ranging from the Canadian border to the Virgin Islands, with some sites of New York in between. The papers are brushed freely enough, although Carter has the tendency not to discriminate between freedom and recklessness. The best of them, where the watercolor technique is exploited thoroughly, so that the picture titled *Red Umbrella* does not seem quite dry, retains the individual charm of a painting done with abandon and discrimination at the same time. The series of pictures from Maine that are beholden to John Marin form an interesting contrast to his by showing the difference between a painter with technique at hand but without the formative powers of a fully matured artist. (Eggleston, to Dec. 4.)—V.C.

#### Stanton Kreider

His paintings are entitled compositions in line and color. They are well named, for they are cerebral exercises in the interplay of forms and lines suspended in space with a sense of tension between them. Many of the planes are contoured in black, some superimposed on each other partially, others separated by large areas of color, yet maintaining a cohesion of balancing masses, in their flat patterning. Although there are a few instances of bright, contrasting colors, the majority of the paintings are carried out in rather muted notes. (Wellons.)—M.B.

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Hans Hofmann: *Orchestral Dominance*

### Hans Hofmann

The paintings of Hans Hofmann are the dimensions which assert a spiritual relationship to art and life. Hofmann's writing in the exhibition announcement in which he attempts to explain the meaning of plasticity in terms of "the mystery of creative relations" confirms this.

The paintings in the show might be divided into two main categories, one, the result of an intuitive search for more symbolic form, and the other, intent on achieving a synthesis of this with abstracted still-lives and interiors. The relation of the present exhibit to past ones is close, but there is some change. For one thing there is a greater play of neutral grays against Hofmann's brilliant color passages, creating a subtler drama without destroying his vitality and expressiveness. For another, Hofmann is preoccupied with a deeper image clarification to bring about the union of feeling and thought. *Orchestral Dominance No. 1* and *No. 2* are eloquent realizations of the problem he poses. As in the past, Hofmann's beautiful, tactile painting surfaces and bold images reveal a powerful and moving inner vision. (Kootz, to Dec. 11.)—A.N.

### Dubuffet

Anyone who has never seen a purple cow and never hopes to see one will be confused if he goes to see the new exhibition of Dubuffet's oils or canvas and paper, collages and drawings. There are two pictures of cows, one of which is purple.

But the purple cow painting is the least involved with the esthetic of Dubuffet, which is an amalgam of styles both ancient and regressive. His vision has been formed by a sophisticated and perverse enchantment with antediluvian cave scratchings, the art of the insane and children's art, all of which he has taken possession of either

separately or in a synthesis to arrive at the subject matter of his pictures.

There is a maddening schism between this subject matter and dexterous technique that Dubuffet exploits. Through the use of the latest synthetic materials and inventive application of them he is able to achieve, for example, the simulation of the patina of a cave painting. This is his sophistication.

What we might call the content of his works stems from the exploitation of an automatism that was one of the conscious contributions of surrealism. Most of his things are doodles which he then puts into shape, frequently putting a couple of pin points for eyes and making a tight little rosebud of a mouth with the result that out of some amorphous shape a crazy head and face appears.

The question about this work is its authenticity for our time and our contemporary consciousness of reality. While one understands the need to exorcise by any means the irrational ogres of the modern sensibility, it is still open to discussion whether this can be done best in the art by emulating the works of primitive man, the insane and children. (Matisse, through Dec.)—V.C.

### John Kacere

An apparent delight in the manipulation of paint and color in small rapid arcs dominates the more conscious element in Kacere's paintings. The results—presumably non-objective—organize themselves in generally positive and negative areas according to the habitual perception of the eye as it might look on traditional painting. Yet there is enough play across the surface to allow the modern consideration of planes moving back and forth in space—but some of these planes are more dense than others, plainly substituting for the sub-

stance of actual images. They simply group themselves that way and titles like *Cbrysalis*, *Fiesta*, *Bacchanalia*, etc., simultaneously illuminate and confuse the dichotomy involving a subject that isn't exactly there. (Korman, to Dec. 11.)—S.T.

### Matisse Prints

Lithographs by Matisse appear appropriately at this moment of concern over the less of this great artist. Like his drawings, many of these papers have the same themes as his paintings, yet the absence of color allows concentration of his brilliant calligraphy, the organic line, which without chiaroscuro or shadow, completely evokes a personal conception. They also reveal his preoccupation with the figure, which he declared best expressed his sentiment for life. The earliest papers here, (1927) *Dancers*, evidence his mastery of rhythmic decoration in remarkable economy of expression which was to become in later work a veritable linear shorthand of design. In 1929 the *Interior with Odalisque*, similar to a painting of this subject of this period, in its luxury of detail of costume and decor displaying modulations of tones, was followed in the next year by a head of an odalisque in more characteristic freedom of generalized handling with no tonal contrasts.

*Dame Assise* (1946) is completely freed from anatomical veracity, as are the *Totes* of this year, broadly handled and defined with delicacy of outlines. Two linoleum lithographs (1949-50), one of a reclining nude, one of a head, are carried out in an almost startling vigor of white lines on luminous, black backgrounds, relieved by a scattering of white dots. This technique recalls that of some earlier monotypes. In 1951-52, a group of feminine heads, one in aquatint, possess such broad flowing black contours that they seem to have been executed as brush drawings in india ink. Although the structure of these heads is finely realized, the faces escape exact defini-

tion, the heavy outline of nose joined directly to the eyebrow, a device that Matisse often continued to employ.

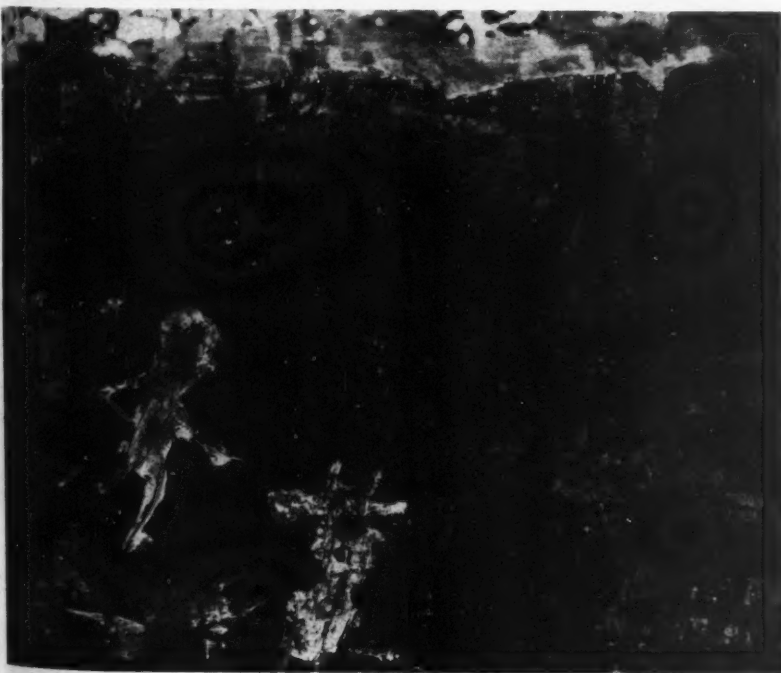
In this later time economy of line results in a remarkable elimination of detail, such as the head with clustering curls, but with no perceptible forehead, or the *Self-Portrait*, which for all its elusive presentment conveys an impressive record of personality. Also, to this recent period, belongs the only color lithograph ever made by Matisse, an interior with a figure in dazzling colors, all details bounded by a grille work of heavy black lines that suggest the influence of Rouault. In all the variations of subject and technical handling of these prints, there are the constants of the logic and sensibility of the artist, whose dram was "an art of balance, of purity, of tranquility without disquieting or preoccupying subject." (Galerie Chalette.)—M.B.

### Wallace Putnam

His paintings are carried out in pellucid color, ranging from the unbroken candor of white backgrounds through a palette of warm hues. Natural forms are the basis of many of the canvases, but natural forms escaping our three-dimensional world into a vision of shapes and silhouettes. Leaves strewn down over vari-colored panels are sublimated forms that suggest their subjects more by movement than by resemblance to actual foliage. There are figure pieces of exiguous, faceless forms engaged in lively clashes of movement throughout the picture space, as in *Figures on Ice*, or in *Beach Bicycles*, a witty metamorphosis of riders and equipages into a semi-abstraction of color and movement.

There is a cosmic significance in *Earth, Air and Water* with its simplified detail or the colorful panels of *Four Seasons*. The most impressive canvas is *Maternal Attitude*, consisting of only a few broad curving lines in black with a touch of color, yet evoking the familiar posture of mother and child. (Passedoit, to Dec. 11). —M.B.

Dubuffet: Prompt Message



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## Amy Mendelson

If modern painting has never arrived at a vocabulary of forms which might speak the language of an academy it is because the energy joined to the needs of our younger painters is unpredictable, rude and inconsiderate. It is also desperate—wanting at once the security of form even as it seeks to break down its limits. There is in Amy Mendelson's work all of this plus the impertinence to overlook the secrets she herself has uncovered. She is too busy painting pictures, pictures generally too small to carry the actual spatial exuberance implied by only one of her sensual slabs of color. (Matrix, to Dec. 11.)—S.T.

## Pallavicini

Flowers, animals and still-lives in oils and gouache are shown, and featured, gouache portraits of ten well-known ladies, done especially for this exhibition. The flowery, fussy style has at best the fascination of Austrian leather tooling, the shallowness and the charm. (Karnig, to Dec. 4.)—S.B.



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## Rembrandt Drawings

It is a rare experience in this day of avid collectors, public and private, to come upon an exhibition of Rembrandt's drawings. Yet in the present showing entitled "Rembrandt and His Circle" there is a wide range of his work, as well as papers, both by his pupils and by contemporary artists influenced by him. This collection demonstrates that there is no basic standard for drawing, for each of the contributors follows the example of the master in establishing his own personal means that best serves his purposes. This influence is also felt in these followers' reduction of general conceptions to particular forms, finding equivalents of them through line, through light and shadow, through patterns of related volumes. But there is reflection of Rembrandt's work in these papers.

Among the papers here illustrating this personal solution of technical problems is a figure piece by Jacob Adraens Backer, (black chalk heightened by white) that is so delicately executed that it resembles a silverpoint. It is a contrast to the almost rude linear vigor of a group of figures by Samuel van Hoogstraten; the romantic luxuriousness of a landscape by Philips Konink; the ingenious *Tower of Babel* by a 17th-century Dutch artist. The unusual conception of *Annunciation* by Ferdinand Bol attains much of the sense of mystery of Rembrandt's art through its dazzling luminosity, set off by deep tones. Anthonie Waterloo's *Churchyard with Large Tree* presents a curiously modern effect in its generalized insistence of foreground detail. (Schaeffer, to Dec. 15.)—M.B.

## Siporin

Mitchell Siporin is holding his first one-man showing of paintings in several years, although his canvases have been included in many group exhibitions. The murals with which he has been occupied have left traces on these easel paintings in their large elements of design and breadth of handling that endow them with great carrying power.

Many of the canvases are constructed with assertive verticals as armatures of the designs, yet so subtle is their interweaving of shapes and forms in horizontal alignment the they attain sound structural unity. The definite contribution that the artist's distortions make to the significance of the designs is inescapable. His substitution of abstract detail for natural forms does not appear capricious, but a logical solution of the essential of his subject matter. (Alan, to Dec. 4.)—M.B.

## Four-Man Show

Paul Hollister is undoubtedly the most potentially interesting painter of this group. Combining representational themes with abstract elements, Hollister possesses a painting sensibility of subtle expressiveness. Of his four paintings, *Safe Harbor* is the most mature and authoritative. Its white surface freely color brushed and set into formal definition by a delicate calligraphy shows him as a knowing practitioner of simple means.

The semi-abstract paintings of market places by Don Bloom, together with the softly colored landscapes and figures of Bret Morse, are sincere and competent



Mitchell Siporin: *Street Scene*

works but do not have Hollister's daring and painting courage. The fourth member of the group, Sylvia Newburn, offers a series of Mexican paintings notable for their feverish emotionality. (Morris.)—A.N.

## Noguchi

Abandoning for the moment his somewhat icy abstract style in museum and architectural sculpture, Noguchi is currently showing a profusion of ceramic sculptures, most of which are small enough to hold in the hand. Less ambitious, more frivolous and comic than his earlier work, these ceramic objects are executed with a variety of textures, imagery and motifs which throw an entirely new light on the artist's talents, revealing a less rigid and more expressive sensibility. Part of this impression may be traced to what might be called the high unseriousness of the intention in these works and to the good humor with which they are carried out. The danger of cuteness has not been avoided, however. And in the dozens of objects shown, the artist's inventiveness cannot support so many diverse impulses; yet a certain jollity in the show tends to disarm a very exacting judgment on these works. (Stable, to Jan. 8.)—H.K.

## Peter Takal

Showing a diverse group of drawings and watercolors, Peter Takal addresses his talents here to urban and pastoral scenes, and figures in lyrical, pensive and agonized moods. The drawings are the more impressive, ranging in sensibility from an intense, sometimes pedantic, observation

## Noguchi: *Cat*



of detail on the one hand, to a more random and oblique kind of draftsmanship on the other. In general, their quality at best is a delicacy, avoiding tenuousness, and where they surpass the illustrational level, they succeed as serious formal modes without any suggestion of being "mere" studies. The watercolors are less distinctive, less personally observed, though they share with the drawings the virtues of a knowledgeable hand. (Artists, to Dec. 25.)—H.K.

#### Jacobi Print Group

An excellent group of prints, including work by S. W. Hayter, Joseph Hecht, and Roger Veillard, is on loan from the collection of Atelier 17.

In Roger Veillard's *La Vie a la Campagne* there is a wealth of interesting textural effects. This is a particularly well-designed and inventive house and garden scene. Somewhat more abstracted is *Fig-*



Heidi Lessen: *Nude*

ures in *Two Fields* by S. W. Hayter. Wiry lines create a feeling of airiness in this composition. A charming drypoint of a water buffalo by Joseph Hecht exhibits the artist's keen sensibility in drawing animals. He uses a marvelously free and agile line with darker, heavier line contrasts to enhance his composition. When S. W. Hayter and Joseph Hecht create *La Noyee* together, you have the grandiose and free technique of the former somewhat restrained and more finely detailed due to the influence of the latter. (Jacobi, to Dec. 21.)—C.L.F.

#### Zo-Wou-Ki

A fragile color poet, Zo Wou-Ki casts a magic spell with these delicate, fleeting shapings and configurations. The subtle world he creates is like a soft, scarcely perceptible flow to effect a tender, dream-like painting sensibility. A sensibility of exceeding refinement and of exquisite taste. Slender calligraphy moving gently through lush color-blushes, defines ghost-like boat forms astray in the mists of forgotten waters, in the paintings *Green Sea* and *The Lost Sea*. Others, still-lives as well as near-abstract depictions, are characterized by glowing color nuances in a mood of lyrical restraint. Their unique charm lies in romantic suggestion and obscurity for Zo Wou-Ki presents us with a world remote and detached from that through which we move. (Cadby-Birch, to Dec. 18.)—A.N.

#### Armstrong and Narotsky

Winners of the gallery's fall competition for new artists, John Armstrong and Norman Narotsky presented a group of canvases which contained hints as to their future development. Armstrong's landscapes and abstractions testified to the solidity of his training and there was evidence in *Communters Landscape* of a type of time-space involvement which is a personal sensation.

Norman Narotsky's watercolors have taste and a refinement of line which he has not yet assimilated in his larger paintings. So far his facility may be preventing a real understanding of the labor inherent in a "delicate" line as well as its limitations. He uses it in an attempt to impose order upon a jumbled pattern and it didn't quite make it. (Creative.)—L.G.

#### Heidi Lessen and Olive Bohannon

Here is a show of oils and drawings made up of portraits, still-lives and figure studies. Such is the degree of competency of the work, that one is constrained not to notice the lack of distinguishing features, either of subject matter, individuality of vision, or excitement about painting itself.

Being shown concurrently is Olive Bohannon's oil paintings of landscapes and still-life. There is so much excitement here in the handling of the paint that the resulting formlessness leaves them virtually in a state of visual chaos so far as the beholder is concerned. (Kottler, to Dec. 20.)—V.C.

#### Helen Beling

Miss Beling is currently exhibiting a group of figure sculptures in what has become an established modernist idiom: the Henry Moore-cum-Mary Callery style, which goes in search of an abstract language based on the essential forms of the human figure. They are fastidiously executed in dense, bronze, aluminum alloy and other materials, yet the artist's inventive capacity does not seem to have asserted itself over her technical skill. Of the pieces on view for the reviewer, the most impressive was one of the more modest conceptions: *In the Rain*, in which the two figures and the umbrella are synthesized into a single formal image. (Heller, to Dec. 18.)—H.K.

#### Jewish Motifs

This large exhibition contains many well-known figures in the painting world brought together as part of the Jewish tricentennial celebration. Preoccupied with literary content many of the painters reject contemporary artistic expressions for more traditional executions (unless most of these represent earlier works, like the 1939 Max Weber). The prevailing desire to communicate the historical role of symbolism of the Jewish people is attained, but at the cost of more imaginative and esthetically valid painting. Today it may be questionable whether the spiritual needs and affirmations of our time, whether for Jew or Gentile, can find adequate esthetic function through old pictorial means.

Nevertheless, there are some notable exceptions, among which are Samuel's *The Prayer*, Adler's *Young Rabbi* and Baskin's woodcut, *Man and Dog*. Anton Refegier's handsome work would hold up better in a mural idiom than in painting. Others who should be noticed are, Walkowitz, Tschabasov, Weber, Evergood, Fredenthal and Band. (Kaufmann, YM-YMHA, to Dec. 15.)—A.N.

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### Lily Cushing

Judging by their appearances in Lily Cushing's recent show of colored drawings, her models are easy to live with, whether they be the pretty girls who pose in picture hats, or the charming landscapes and flower pieces which hold the same promise of pleasant companionship. All are rendered with a deft illustrative skill and a demure tact which never lapses into awkward interpretive depths. (Walker.)—S.F.

### Caravan Group

The recent exhibition entitled "Life In doors and Outdoors," was uneven, there were convincing contributions by Mary Greene Lefson (an Interior warmed with Bonnard's color), Marie Wilner's darkly lighted, branch-webbed *Forest*, Robert Fosberg's *Landscape*, Antony J. Buzzelli's actively designed *Thundering Hoofs* and Joan B. Norman's abstract *Father, Mother and Child*. (Caravan.)—S.F.

### William Strosahl

Illusionistic watercolors of landscapes and harbor scenes, painted with a competent, clean technique which renders rather than interprets appearances. (Grand Central, to Dec. 21.)—S.F.

### Associated Artists of New Jersey

This 7th annual exhibition offers mainly oils. The sculpture is the least of it and the prints are the most interesting: Luigi Rist's *Fish Tank* and *Still Life* and James G. Robertson's *Still Life*, a lithograph in black and blue. *Earth's Heart*, by Minna Citron, an abstract expressionist oil, has some mystery (more than her *Grim Aftermath*). (Artist's Equity Gallery.)—S.B.

### Sculptors' Drawings

Stressing the graphic efforts of sculptors as related to their three-dimensional work and as significant expressions in themselves, this show is weighted with themes of the human form. The interpretations are varied, with effective statements by Marino Marini (a man on horseback in black ink against a pastel-grayed brown background) and Wolfgang Behl's vigorously brushed black and white, in which even the small areas are powerfully articulated.

The exhibition includes work by Lipman-Wulf, Archipenko, Hitzberger, Krebs, Sardeau and Fingesten. (Sculptors', to Dec. 22.)—S.F.

### Creative Group

This is by far the best selection shown at the gallery this season. There are three paintings by Aach which have a personal sense of form and color and *The Clock* is a pleasing array of mechanical fantasies which treat time as an organic element.

Joseph Gans is represented by a huge landscape which achieves distinction through a complex order of bold and active natural forms and brilliant color.

Anthony Terenzio provides a contrast in the more tranquil treatment of his surface and softly luminous color areas. (Creative, to Dec. 15.)—L.G.

### Downtown Christmas Show

For the 29th year this group will offer a plethora of paintings within a price range

of \$500 to \$100, many of which are new acquisitions. In addition to the familiar names of the gallery—Davis, Dove, Karfiol, Marin, O'Keefe, Shahn, Spencer and Zisch—there will be shown pictures by De-muth, Dickinson, Feininger, Hart, Lachaine, Pascin, Prendergast, Stella and Tobey, in addition to other younger artists. Besides the work of such artists, there will be available a group of 19th century paintings, Harnett and his school and American folk art. The entire gallery will be given over to this Christmas show, the counterpart of which last year sold out. (Downtown, to Dec. 24.)—V.C.

### Andrew Martin

Andrew Martin, a young painter, is making his debut this month with ten large canvases done within the past year. Several of the works done in New York's Bowery (which are strikingly reminiscent of the works of Nolde, Ensor, Max Beckman and Max Weber) are devoted to certain wretched types of humanity—repelling yet pathetic creatures, in which is manifested a fervent emotional sympathy as well as indignation.

Although a pronounced expressionist, Martin has attempted to amalgamate expressive with constructive elements; thus, by combining emotion with geometry, twisted distorted figures emerge out of geometric planes of color. The vertical elongation of the figure, distortion, the sweeping circular motion of lines and shapes, combined with his dynamic brush work, activate the canvases.

In spite of the fauvist magentas, reds and greens, the colors are drab and sensually unpleasant. They are effective, however, in conveying the drabness of Bowery life—and perhaps were chosen for this purpose. (Hansa, to Dec. 19.)—A.S.

### Kottler Group

Eight painters in this group, showing two to four works each, number some who have shown here previously, others for the first time. They make a motley group and even if one started with one of the artists singled out as a beginner he would not be able to range very far from that position in a judgment about the remainder of the work. Attempts at various styles are made, but it is a *Nude* in oil by Dorothy Rose which is the best painted picture in the group. Others showing are Marie Wilner, Paul Hollister, Jr., John Mucciariello, Seymour Goldberg, Jean Hyson, Mona Jordan and Paul Nabb. (Kottler, to Dec. 4.)—P.S.

### Mary D. Coles

Always retaining recognizable semblances of her landscapes and still-life motifs, Mary D. Coles compresses their foreground and background planes to flatten her gouache and pastel surfaces into an all-over patterning which is essentially semi-abstract.

What gives these paintings their special flavor is this artist's consistent sensing of rhythmic correlations, expressed through freely painted undulant forms whose harmonious color is enhanced by richly textured pigmentation. (Crespi, to Dec. 3.)—S.F.

### Kokoschka

As one of the most penetrating portraitists of the European expressionists, the draw-



ings and lithographs of Kokoschka have an interest which surpasses the achievements of many of his subjects. In this current show of work covering the period from 1907 to 1932 the taut perfection of his nervous line reveal an aspect of his personality not often apparent in his oils. The clinical insight into the people he drew has been said to parallel the research Freud was conducting in Vienna at approximately the same time. There are not many of his remarkable studies of hands in these selections but the twenty portraits from *Der Sturm* alone bear witness to his remarkable gifts. (Galerie St. Etienne, to Dec. 23.)—L.G.

### Christmas Offerings

This gala holiday 15th anniversary gift fair will delight Christmas shoppers. Drawings, paintings, watercolors, prints, posters, ceramics, jewelry and Christmas cards by international artists representing many countries will be sold. Most items are priced under \$200.

Three metal prints of snow scenes by Rolf Nesch of Norway are impressive compositions of sinuous black lines. Takal of the U.S. is represented by two very original drawings.

Alva, the British artist, has three watercolors on view. Also by Alva is a book of 12 serigraphs on rag paper. Another gift is a book of brightly colored lithos by Enrique Climent from Spain. Last but not least is an important collection from England of Japanese printmakers including artists books and woodblock prints. (Serigraphs, to Jan. 10.)—C.L.F.

### Immaculate Heart College Group

It would be hard to find a more fitting Christmas show than these rich toned prints by the faculty and students of the college. Their subject matter ranges over the familiar figures and ritual of Catholic tradition and the spirit is not unlike the pursuit of modern forms which characterizes some of the fine new churches in France.

Sister Mary Corita is the outstanding artist of the group and one feels that it is her personality which has brought about this astonishing awakening. (The Contemporaries, to Dec. 24.)—L.G.

### Sahl Swarz

The first impression of this handsomely displayed group of mosaic and metal sculpture is one of excitement. But if in some people this is ground for suspicion it is because they know they have been dazzled rather than informed. They have an undeniable positive visual interest. Welded steel and mosaic are fascinatingly combined, the steel acting as integuments ribbing the forms inlaid with mosaic in a way resembling stained glass windows. Nevertheless his masses are not really decisive, the artist has no particular comprehension which unites the formal and subjective. (Sculpture Center, to Dec. 10.)—S.T.

### Young Collectors

The recent exhibition of some 60 works of art from the homes of "Young Collectors," sponsored by the Museum of Modern Art and displayed in the private guest house of Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, 3rd, gave evidence of a hesitation toward avant-garde art somewhat at odds with the expectation which the show aroused. If all young col-

lectors were this cautious, the sales prospects of young artists would be even glummer than is actually the case today. However, viewed as a group of pictures per se, these works comprise a handsome miniature Museum of Modern Art, in which most of the modern masters are displayed.

—R.R.

### Sylvette Engel

New York—Third Avenue, pawnshops, el stations, factories—gives Miss Engel her subject matter. To judge by *Silent House*, a Hopper-like simplicity seems to be what she is striving for in her first one-man show. Lacking his technical proficiency and his eloquence with forms, Miss Engel might do better to consider her own direction in *Brownstones* where she shows some feeling in using soft colors as a manner of patterning the windows. (Wellons, to Dec. 11.)—S.B.

### Beverly Pepper

The Barone Gallery and Beverly Pepper make a dual New York debut.

Most of the canvases were done in Italy, painted with a tender, almost caressing regard for the unpretentious "little people" which are her major interest: fishermen, women selling eggs, a chestnut vendor, women at work.

Her painting technique is impasto which is especially effective in her backgrounds, where its layered nuances relieve the bareness of detail to focus attention upon softened figures, bundled into simple silhouettes, as they act out the quiet dramas of their everyday existence. (Barone, to Dec. 4.)—S.F.

### Stanley Boxer

If a drawing is the relationship between the idea and its execution, moving toward a sense of form right for a given work, then drawing is what is lacking in Boxer's paintings. This is not to say a painting needs drawing to succeed, but in Boxer's case the paintings themselves—done up in dotted swirls and squiggles painfully nervous and sometimes simply dull—suggest that feeling after structure that never materializes. There are subjects, if the titles are any guide, but they only contribute to sensations of pretentiousness if not the indelicacies of mannerisms. (Perdarma, to Dec. 9.)—S.T.

### Vincent La Gambina

Slices of nature—landscape, still-lives and figure studies—represented in broad, vigorously painted strokes and composed with a casual ease which emphasizes the brilliant ephemeral color-play of light and shade. (Grand Central, to Dec. 18.)—S.F.



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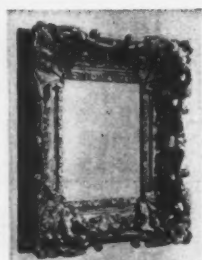
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Baltimore continued from page 18

verisimilitude, as well as seizure of inner character, to contemporary contentments with sketchy characterization, are Anne Goldthwaite's fine study of the elder Yeats, looking like an ancient Chinese philosopher, and the well-known portraits, of Ryder by Hartley and of Eilshemius by Milton Avery. In other centuries these two eccentrics would have been portrayed as men first, and artist-eccentrics, second. Here they are pictured solely in aspects relating to their oddities.

The third section of the show is most provocative, for it pairs examples of early and late styles of the masters. No final conclusions on the role of age in the creative process are made in the exhibition, nor could they have been on a subject where personality, not scientific pattern, has the last word. However, since the directors of the exhibition have selected only those artists whose work continued to develop throughout their long life, there is ample scope for the amateur psychologist to draw his own conclusions. And for the young painter the illustration of the gradual evolution of individual style among the masters is instructive.

Among the 54 pictures by 26 painters in this group, from Durer to Marin, only a few of the many striking contrasts can be mentioned. The splendid pair of Rembrandts—a lovely *Portrait of a Lady*, painted when Rembrandt was 29, and his portrait of Titus, done 25 years later, reveal the evolution of the artist's unique vision. Equally interesting is the contrast between El Greco's early portrait of Pope Paul III, also painted at 29, and *Portrait of an Unknown Man*, done when El Greco was in his 50s. Despite the presence of some rhythmic distortion in the former work it seems to belong to a different era of painting than the later "typical" El Greco, which is so much closer in spirit to the art of our own time.

Matisse continued from page 14

news of his death. He had lived in this small fishing village for over 40 years. This whole region, nestling at the base of the eastern slopes of the Pyrenees, is no stranger to art. Not only did the fauves (Vlaminck, Derain, Segonzac, Braque and others) work there, but Dufy also lived in the neighboring village of Banyuls and some 18 miles inland, at Perpignan, Maillol had his studios there and left behind many statues that adorn the town squares.

Many of the older inhabitants (of which there are an astonishing number) remember Matisse well and point out the spots along the beach and sea wall where he had set down his easel. On the Thursday he died, some of the cafes, where his drawings hang on the walls in the company of lesser local artists, closed for the day. Several of the anchovy and sardine fleet did not sail. No one in the town (and possibly in the country where towns, streets and industries are named for artists) thought it strange for fishermen or cafe-owners to shut up shop because a French painter had died. Picasso, Juan Gris, Soutine, Modigliani, Chagall, Miró and others have all contributed to and enriched French national culture, but in a large sense they were outsiders, bringing outside influence with them. But if the word "pure" can be used in this sense, then Matisse was the pure inheritor of the French strain. Like Ingres, Manet and Renoir before him, he was Gallic to the bone. He was one of them.

## Where to Show National

Hartford, Connecticut  
CONNECTICUT ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS, 45th annual exhibition, March 12-April 1. Avery Memorial Galleries. Media: all, oil, tempera, sculpture, etchings, drypoints, lithographs and woodblocks. Open to all artists. Fee: \$4, \$3 for black and whites. July prizes. Entry cards due: March 2. Write to L. J. Fusari, P.O. Box 204, Hartford 1, Conn. Washington, D. C.

24TH CORCORAN BIENNIAL, Corcoran Gallery of Art, March 13-May 8. Media: oil, tempera and encaustic (not previously exhibited in Washington). Open to all artists in U.S. July prizes, \$500-\$2000. Entries in New York: Jan. 6, in Washington, Jan. 14. Write to Hermann W. Williams, Jr., secretary and director, Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington 6, D. C.

Baltimore, Maryland  
"THE SEAPORT," Baltimore Museum of Art, Jan. 16-Feb. 20. Media: paintings in any medium or style on the theme of "The Seaport." Prizes: total of \$1000. One-man jury: John I. H. Baur. Entry blanks due: Dec. 11. Write James W. Foster, Jr., Baltimore Museum of Art, Baltimore 18, Maryland.

New York, New York  
NATIONAL SERIGRAPH SOCIETY 16TH ANN. INTERNAT'L EXHIBITION, April 19-May 11. Serigraph Galleries. Open to all artists. Media: original serigraphs only (no photographic stencils). Entry fee: \$1. Jury. Five cash awards. Entry blanks and work due on or before March 15. Foreign section: no fee. Write to Doris Meltzer, Serigraph Galleries, 38 W. 57 Street, New York 19.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania  
27th ANN. EXHIBITION OF LITHOGRAPHY, The Print Club of Philadelphia, Jan. 7-25. Media: lithographs made in 1954. Open to all artists. Entry fee: \$1.25. Jury. Awards. Blanks due Dec. 21. Work due Dec. 21. Write The Print Club, 1614 Latimer Street, Philadelphia 3, Pa.

## Auction Calendar

December 9-10-11, 1:45 P.M. Parke-Bernet Galleries. English 18th century furniture and decorations, Bow, Chelsea and Worcester porcelains, Georgian silver. Estate of the late Mrs. Charles D. Draper. Exhibition from December 4.

December 16-17, 1:45 P.M. Parke-Bernet Galleries. English and other furniture and decorations. Various owners. Exhibition from December 11.

# Calendar of Exhibitions

**ALBANY, N. Y.**  
Institute Dec. 8-Jan. 3: Da Vinci Models; To Dec. 13: I. Thompson.

**ANDOVER, MASS.**  
Addison Gallery To Dec. 27: Xmas Pictures.

**ANN ARBOR, MICH.**  
Univ. Museum Dec. Whistler Prints.

**ATHENS, GA.**  
Museum Dec.: V. Dudley.

**BALTIMORE, MD.**  
Museum Colonial Times.  
Walters Gallery Dec. 15-Jan. 30: Medieval Parade.

**BEVERLY HILLS, CAL.**  
Pells To Jan. 8: 15 Italian Painters. Slayy Dec.: Fr. & Amer.

**BIRMINGHAM, ALA.**  
Museum To Dec. 12: R. MacMahon; Wool Soc.

**BLOOMFIELD HILLS, MICH.**  
Crambrook To Dec. 16: G. Ponti, G. Kepes.

**BOSTON, MASS.**  
Brown Dec. 8-31: Religious Art Today.  
Doll & Richards Dec. 6-24: J. Conna-way.  
Institute To Dec. 24: Design For Xmas.  
Little To Dec. 17: J. Gale.

**BRONX, N.Y.**  
Museum To Dec. 12: Bronx Artists Guild.

**BUFFALO, N.Y.**  
Albright To Dec. 26: Lowestoft China.  
Redeemer Dec.: Cont. Art.

**CHICAGO, ILL.**  
Arts Club To Dec. 29: Mathieu; Soulages.  
Art Inst. To Dec. 13: Rothko; To Jan. 1: Japanese Prints.  
414 Dec.: Art Students League of Chicago.  
Franklin To Dec. 10: Picasso Prints.  
Library Dec.: G. McVicker.  
Llan Dec.: Scandinavian Xmas.  
Oehlischlaeger Dec.: Cont. Amer. Palmer House Dec.: Chic. Artists.  
Todos Geller To Dec. 12: S. Baskin.

**CINCINNATI, OHIO**  
Museum To Jan. 4: Zao Wou-ki.

**CLEVELAND, OHIO**  
Art Colony To Jan. 1: M. Peck; D. Burr; E. Edwards.  
Museum To Dec. 26: Chinese Landscape Painting.

**COCONUT GROVE, FLA.**  
Mirell Dec. 5-Jan. 8: E. Magafan; B. Currie.

**COLUMBIA, N.C.**  
Museum Dec.: Lamar Dodd.

**COLUMBUS, OHIO**  
Gallery To Dec. 12: Karl Bodmer.

**CORNING, N.Y.**  
Museum To Jan. 1: "Art For Your Christmas."

**DALLAS, TEX.**  
Museum To Jan. 2: Young Collections; Portraits Prints; Texas Crafts.

**DAYTON, OHIO**  
Institute Dec.: Xmas in Art.

**DES MOINES, IOWA**  
Art Center To Dec. 26: Xmas Bazaar.

**EAST LANSING, MICH.**  
State College To Dec. 29: Cont. Japanese.

**FITCHBURG, MASS.**  
Museum Dec.: John Taylor Arms Memorial.

**HARTFORD, CONN.**  
Athensum To Dec. 12: Medicine in Art; To Jan. 2: Good Design for Xmas.

**HEMPSTEAD, N.Y.**  
Holstra Gallery To Dec. 10: A. Sterngold.

**INDIANAPOLIS, IND.**  
Institute To Jan. 2: Holiday Carnival.

**INCOLN, MASS.**  
De Cordova Museum To Dec. 12: R. Christensen.

**LONG BEACH, CAL.**  
Art Center Dec.: Juried Ann'l.

**LOS ANGELES, CAL.**  
Art Assoc. Dec.: Small Ptg. Sculpt.  
Ratfield Dec. 5-Jan. 1: Xmas-\$100-1000.  
Laudau To Dec. 31: Oils.  
Lana Dec.: Ptg. Sculpt.  
Museum To Dec. 14: J. Fosburgh; To Jan. 1: B. Connolly; B. Hoetger, sculp; B. Buffet; Chodowiecka.  
Sundahl Dec.: Ancient Amer; Mod. Fr.

**LOUISVILLE, KY.**  
Museum To Dec. 15: Designer Craftsmen; Dec. 10-Jan. 3: Dutch Arts.

**MANCHESTER, N.H.**  
Currier To Dec. 15: Besancon Drawings.

**MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.**  
Institute To Feb. 27: Art of the Forbidden City.  
Univ. Gallery To Dec. 10: I. Maj-draokoff.  
Walker Dec.: Children's Ptg.

**MONTCLAIR, N.J.**  
Museum Dec. 5-Jan. 2: Amer. Indian Wools.

**MORRIS PLAINS, N.J.**  
Silo Gallery Dec.: Nora Herts.

**NEWARK, N.J.**  
Museum Dec.: "Christmas: Remember When?"; N.J. Artists "Under \$25."

**NEW ORLEANS, LA.**  
Delgado Museum To Dec. 19: Pre-Columbian; Dec. 12-Jan. 4: Lin Emery.

**NEWTOWN, CONN.**  
Flagpole Gallery Dec.: C. Leighton.

**NEW YORK, N.Y.**  
Museums  
Brooklyn (Eastern Pkway) To Jan. 2: Fr. Impressionists; African Art; To Feb. 27: Old Master Prints.  
Cooper Union (Cooper Sq.) To Jan. 8: Decorated Book Papers.  
Guggenheim (5th at 88) Dec.: Delaunay.  
Metropolitan (5th at 82) To Dec. 19: Dutch Painting, The Golden Age.  
Modern (11 W 53) To Jan. 30: Museum Coll; To Feb. 13: European Prints.  
National Academy (5th at 89) To Dec. 5: Allied Artists; Dec. 11-23: N.Y. Soc. Women Artists.  
Riverside (Riv. Dr. at 103) To Dec. 19: Spiral Group.  
Whitney (22 W 54) To Dec. 19: Neuberger Collection.  
Galleries  
A.A.A. (711 5th at 55) Dec. 6-24: J. Floch.  
A.C.A. (63 E 57) To Dec. 18: D. Bur-liuk.  
Alan (32 E 65) Dec. 7-31: K. Zerbe.  
Argent (67 E 59) Dec. 6-24: Pang.  
Artists (851 Lex at 64) Dec. 4-24: Takal.  
A.S.L. (215 W 57) Dec.: Low Price Xmas Ann'l.  
Babcock (38 E 57) Dec.: Small Amer. Ptg.  
Barone (202 E 51) Dec.: Group.  
Barzansky (564 Mad, at 61) Dec. 11: J. Freeman.  
Borgenicht (61 E 57) Dec. 7-Jan. 1: C. Albert.  
Brown Stone (146 E 57) Dec.: Cont. Scandinavian.  
Cadby-Birch (21 E 63) To Dec. 18: Zao Wou-ki.  
Caravan (132 E 65) Dec. 5-30: The 3 Kingdoms.  
Carnegie Hall (154 W 57 at 7th) To Jan. 3: Cagle, De Pauw, Reh-berger.  
Carstairs (11 E 57) Dec. 7-31: Dali.  
City Center (131 W 55) Dec. 3-Jan. 2: Oils.  
Coval (100 W 56) To Dec. 11: T. Landy.  
Contemporary Arts (106 E 57) To Dec. 23: Xmas Group.  
Cooper (313 W 53) To Dec. 10: I. Rosenhouse.  
Creative (108 W 56) Dec.: Group.  
Crespi (205 E. 58) Dec. 6-18: H. Taterka.  
Davis (231 E 60) Dec. 3-31: Drawings.  
Deitsch (51 E 73) Prints-by app't.  
Downtown (32 E 51) Dec.: Small Amer. Ptg.  
Darlacher (11 E 57) To Dec. 24: P. Blume.  
Duveen (18 E 78) Old Masters.  
Eggleston (969 Mad at 76) Dec.: Group.  
Este (116 E 57) Xmas Sale.  
Eighth St. (33 W 8) Xmas Sale.  
Feigl (601 Mad at 57) To Dec. 24: Vytalil.  
Fercargill (19 E 55) Contact F. N. Price.  
Fine Arts Associates (41 E 57) Dec.: Selected Fr. Ptg.  
Forum (822 Mad at 68) To Dec. 8: Okla. Univ; Dec. 9-30: Mich. State.  
Four Directions (114 4th at 12) Dec. 4-31: E. Weitzman, Stained Glass.  
Fried (40 E 68) Dec.: Mod. Ptg.  
Friedman (20 E 49) Dec.: C. Wienk.

**Galerie Chalette (45 W 57) Dec.:**  
Matisse Prints.  
Galerie De Braux (131 E 55) To Dec. 10: T. Karasz.  
Gallery G (200 E 59) Dec.: Haitian Ptg.  
Galerie Moderne (49 W 53) To Dec. 15: "Music."  
Galleria Pierino (127 Macdougall) To Dec. 11: Jensen; Napoli; Wacker.  
Galerie St. Etienne (46 W 57) To Dec. 23: Kokoschka.  
Gallery 75 (30 E 75) To Dec. 31: A. Guerin.  
Galeria Sudamericana (866 Lex at 65) To Dec. 11: R. Brown; Dec. 12-25: Group.  
Gallery 29 (217 W 29) Dec.: Group.  
Ganso (125 E 57) To Dec. 18: J. Alton.  
Grand Central (15 Vand. at 42) Dec. 7-18: La Gambina; Dec. 8-21: Strosahl.  
Grand Central Moderns (120 E 57) Dec. 4-24: A. Chadborn.  
Hacker (24 W 50) To Dec. 31: H. Weiss.  
Hanna (210 Cent. Pk. S.) To Dec. 19: A. Martin.  
Harlot (22 E 58) Dec. 1-31: M. Becker.  
Heller (63 E 57) Dec. 7-18: Baling, sculp.  
Hewitt (29 E 65) Dec. 1-22: 19th C. Amer.  
Jolas (26 E 55) Dec. 2-24: R. d'Men-ocul.  
Jackson (22 E 68) Dec. 7-31: K. Appel.  
Jacobi (46 W 52) To Dec. 24: Atelier 17 Prints.  
James (70 E 12) To Dec. 19: E. Pierce.  
Janis (15 E 57) To Dec. 30: Leger Ceramics.  
Jewish Center (25 E 78) To Jan. 1: Prints.  
Jorgen (241 E 60) To Dec. 24: Oils.  
Karnia (19 1/2 E 62) Dec. 7-31: Group.  
Kennedy (785 5th at 59) To Dec. 29: Amer. Indian sandpainting; Dec. 1-30: E. Seago.  
Knoodler (14 E 57) Dec. 6-24: E. Berman.  
Koots (600 Mad at 57) To Dec. 11: Hofmann; Dec. 13-31: Amer. & Fr.  
Korman (935 Mad at 69) To Dec. 11: J. Kacere; Dec. 13-31: Group.  
Kotler (108 E 57) Dec. 4-20: H. Lens-sen; O. Bohannon.  
Kraushaar (32 E 57) To Dec. 24: R. Dubin.  
Lilliput (231 1/2 Eliz.) To Dec. 10: Gold, Hakomaki, Halvorsen (Wed. & Fri. 3-7).  
Little Studio (880 Mad) Dec. 6-18: J. Fabert.  
Loft (302 E 45) To Jan. 20: Xmas Group.  
Matisse (41 E 57) Mod. Fr.  
Matrix (26 St. Mark's Pl.) To Dec. 11: A. Mendelson.  
Mi Chou (320-B W 81) To Feb. 27: Chi Pai Shih.  
Midtown (17 E 57) Dec. 7-25: W. Thon.  
Mish (35 E 57) Dec. 6-24: T. Blag-don.  
Morris (174 Waverly) Dec.: Xmas Group.  
National Arts (15 Gram. Pk.) To Dec. 20: Amer. Wools.  
New (601 Mad at 57) To Dec. 18: J. Summers.  
Newhouse (15 E 57) Old Masters.  
Niveau (962 Mad at 76) Mod. Fr.  
Panoras (82 W 56) Dec. 6-24: Xmas Gifts.  
Parnassus (509 Mad at 53) Pre-1900 Amer.  
Parsons (15 E 57) To Dec. 18: W. Congdon.  
Passedoit (121 E 57) To Dec. 11: W. Putnam; Dec. 14-Jan. 8: F. Franck.  
Pen & Brush (16 E 10) Dec. 5-27: Prints.  
Perdalmia (110 E 57) To Dec. 10: S. Boxer; To Dec. 31: Group.  
Peridot (820 Mad. at 68) Dec. 6-31: R. Asawa, sculp.  
Peris (1016 Mad at 78) To Dec. 24: V. Vlaminck.  
Rehn (683 5th at 54) To Dec. 18: V. Campanella.  
Roko (51 Grnwch) Dec. 6-28: S. Borisov; B. Phillips.  
Rosenberg (20 E 79) To Dec. 11: Monticelli.  
Saidenberg (10 E 77) Dec.: Mod. Prints.  
Saimagundi (47 5th) To Dec. 17: Thumb Box.  
Salpeter (42 E 57) To Dec. 18: Xmas Group.  
Savoy Plaza (5th at 58) Dec. 11 & 12: Canadian Women's Club.

Schab (602 Mad at 57) Rare Prints.  
Schaefer (32 E 57) Dec. 6-24: Ptg., Sculp.  
Schaefer (52 E. 50) To Dec. 15: Rembrandt & Circle, Drawings.  
Schoneman (63 E 57) To Dec. 31: Mod. Fr.  
Sculptors (141 W 53) Cont. Sculp. Drwgs.  
Sculpture Center (167 E. 69) To Dec. 11: S. Swarz.  
Segy (708 Lex at 57) African Art.  
Seligmann (5 E 57) Dec.: "Christian Faith."  
Seriograph (38 W 57) To Jan. 11: Gift Ann'l.  
Stable (924 7th at 58) Dec.: Nogu-chi, sculp.  
Tanager (80 E 10) To Dec. 16: Lois Dodd.  
The Contemporaries (959 Mad at 75) To Dec. 24: Immaculate Heart College.  
Truda (6 Morton) Xmas Group.  
Valentin (32 E 57) Dec. 7-31: B. Reiter.  
Van Dieman-Lilienfeld (12 E 57) Dec. 7-31: O. Foss.  
Village Art (42 W 11) Dec. 6-24: Print, Sculp. Awards.  
Viviano (42 E 57) To Dec. 31: Group.  
Walker (117 E 57) Dec.: Group.  
Watson (1019 2nd at 54) Old Prints.  
Wellons (70 E 56) To Dec. 11: S. Engel.  
Weyhe (794 Lex. at 61) To Dec. 18: Chi Kwan Chen.  
Wildenstein (19 E 64) To Dec. 11: Fr. 18th C.  
Willard (23 W 56) Dec. 1-Jan. 8: Japanese Screens.  
Wittenborn (38 E 57) To Dec. 24: Posters.

**NORWALK, CONN.**  
Silvermine Dec.: Collectors; "Be My Guest."

**NOTRE DAME, IND.**  
Univ. Galleries To Dec. 31: Da Vin-ci & Circle.

**OMAHA, NEBR.**  
Joslyn Museum Dec. 7-Jan. 3: M. Bolling; All Nebraska.

**PASADENA, CAL.**  
Museum To Dec. 12: E. Gibberd; To Jan. 9: Cal. Design.

**PHILADELPHIA, PA.**  
Alliance To Jan. 3: Schary; E. Hor-ter; Arms Memorial.  
Lush To Dec. 23: I. Sankowsky.  
Print Club To Dec. 27: Braque; Phila. Ann'l.  
Schurz Dec.: K. Koehler.

**PITTSBURGH, PA.**  
Carnegie To Jan. 2: V. Cantini.

**PORTLAND, ORE.**  
Museum To Jan. 3: Artists of Ore-gon, Prints.

**PROVIDENCE, R. I.**  
R. I. S. Museum To Dec. 15: E. Greco.

**RICHMOND, VA.**  
Museum To Jan. 2: Chinese Art.

**ROCKLAND, ME.**  
Museum Dec.: Assoc. Artists of N. J.

**ROCKPORT, MASS.**  
Art Assoc. To Dec. 19: K. Parsons.

**SACRAMENTO, CAL.**  
Crocker Dec.: D. Brown; No. Cal. Arts.

**ST. LOUIS, MO.**  
Museum To Dec. 27: Women Artists.

**ST. PAUL, MINN.**  
Gallery To Dec. 24: Holiday Mart.

**SAN ANTONIO, TEX.**  
Witte To Jan. 2: F. Gonzalez.

**SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.**  
De Young To Jan. 2: Sheeler; E. Ginno; A. Rathbone.  
Lewis Dec.: Orig. Prints.  
Museum To Dec. 12: Per Krogh; To Jan. 25: Younger Europ. Paint-ers.

**SANTA BARBARA, CAL.**  
Museum To Jan. 2: Steinberg; E. Hesthal; Old Masters.

**SEATTLE, WASH.**  
Dusanne Dec.: Bayley Primitives.  
Seligman Dec.: Mark Tobey.

**STATEN ISLAND, N. Y.**  
Museum To Dec. 14: G. Pene du Bois.

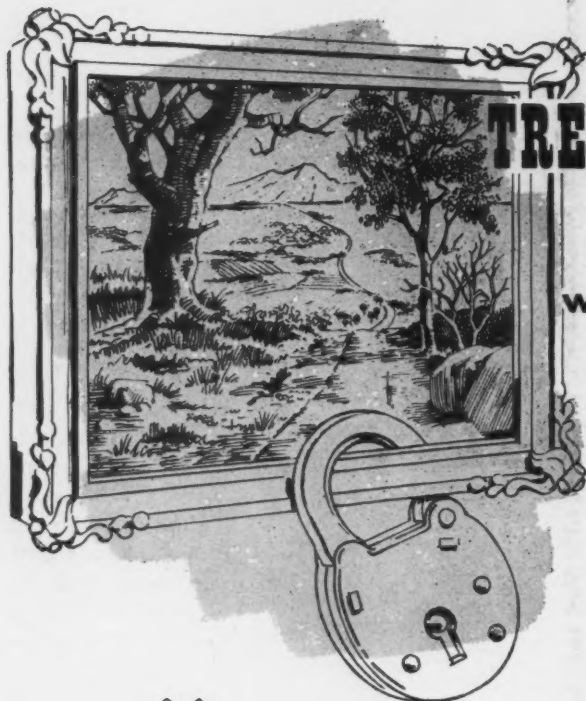
**WASHINGTON, D. C.**  
Circulating To Dec. 31: K. Moti.  
Phillips To Jan. 3: T. Stamos.

**WILMINGTON, DEL.**  
Art Center To Dec. 12: Del Ann'l.

**WINNIPEG, CANADA**  
Gallery Dec.: Crafts; Xmas.

**WORCESTER, MASS.**  
Museum Dec. 12-Jan. 16: Artists of Israel.





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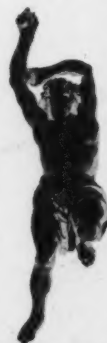
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